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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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What Is Beauty?

AND so the atom has melted like Hamlet's substantial flesh and become a mere congeries of vibrations. With it goes matter in any form resembling our everyday conception of reality; and the most lucid description of the basis of our corporeality is still Shakespeare's "We are such stuff as dreams are made on; and our little life is rounded with a sleep."

For twenty years, more or less, or ever since the new Physics began its revelations, we have been told just this, not only in books which few read but in lectures that many hear, in the Sunday supplements, and now on the radio. The effect seems to be exactly nil. A potato to the viewing eye is still a potato, and the certainty that the sole reality of a chair that does not disintegrate upon investigation is its solidity beneath the sitter, apparently counts for nothing in our philosophy. It will count for little in space and time until some further scientific magic destroys at will even the illusion of appearance. But to suppose that thinking is to proceed unaffected by these new facts of existence is to misread history.

A resounding demonstration that things were not what they seemed, as by miracles real or supposed, sent men flocking in earlier centuries to moralists and theologians. Why not now? Partly, of course, because we are sceptical as to inexplicable miracles. But also for the excellent reason that moral philosophy is difficult and has no short cuts to unexpected revelation, and religion is subtle and requires an inner change, while science is relatively easy and yields at every pressure from the mentally alert some new and demonstrable hypothesis which seems to be a step toward a final explanation. The public indeed are more credulous than the scientists. When they substitute the authority of experiment for the authority of tradition they accept the one as fully as they believed in the other.

Yet the moment will come when the study of the nature of so-called matter will no longer be relevant to the needs of man. We shall comprehend the machine from bolt to bolt, and turn to the unsolved problems of the driver. In the meantime some reflections already clamor for notice. Landscape, the human form, light and shadow, speech, with which art, especially literary art, must deal, are, scientifically considered, modes of vibration, are rhythm if they are anything concrete that can be given a name. Their beauty, which in this utilitarian age has been regarded as a luxury, a non-essential, an intangible, is thus one of the few tangible attributes of a mysterious world. Motion, force, mean nothing of themselves to the senses except motion and force, but beauty is more than sensation, it is our perception of harmony in rhythms, and rhythm, unlike the appearance of matter, essentially exists.

Art then is a sound instinct. To feel the suavity of a snow-clad winter night is not to commit the pathetic fallacy, but rather to perceive a harmony of light in curving slope and silent elm and farm house adequately set, which is more real than earth and tree and building. And the insistence upon beauty in style and subject and final effect for all literature and all art is a sound instinct also. There is no way to make the dead representations of print or canvas or marble share the inner reality of what they imitate except through rhythm, static or active: this is the truth, which Keats said *was* beauty.

The jumbled ugliness of a modern street is, if you please, a misuse of the potential harmonies of matter. It has probably as evil an effect on the human race as bad sanitation, though the proof is not so easy. Nature, which seldom relapses into disorderly ugliness and is never squalid though by no means always beautiful, manifests surprising harmonies which are presumably not unconnected with the rhythmic qualities of composing matter, rocks that crystallize, ferns that cluster, trees that bend. Where man imitates nature's mistakes, whether in bad landscape or in bad breeding, he renders a service to descriptive science, but fails in art, for the evident reason that the imperfect rhythms he neglects for the facts of appearance are essential to any just rendering. That which makes for beauty rather than that which clogs harmony is most revelatory of truth. Good poetry tells more than prose, and may one day—as in the past—be regarded as more practical because more revealing in the lives of men.

And therefore, so long as there are fine minds that feel finely there can be no complete satisfaction in the urbanized world of slovenly houses,

(*Continued on page* 525)

The On-Looker

By AMY LOWELL

SUPPOSE I plant you
Like wide-eyed Helen
On the battlements
Of weary Troy,
Clutching the parapet with desperate hands.
She, too, gazes at a battle-field
Where bright vermilion plumes and metal whiteness
Shock and sparkle and go down with groans.
Her glances strike the rocking battle,
Again—again—
Recoiling from it
Like baffled spear-heads fallen from a brazen shield.
The ancients at her elbow counsel patience and contingencies.
Such to a woman stretched upon a bed of battle
Who bargained for this only in the whispering arras
Enclosed about a midnight of enchantment.

This Week

Comedies of H. A. Jones. By *William Lyon Phelps.*

Weberfield. By *J. Ranken Towse.*

Good Measure: The New International Encyclopædia Supplement. By *Lincoln MacVeagh.*

Material to the Artist. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

The Saint, the Poet, and the Psychologist. By *J. Middleton Murry.*

Published by Time Incorporated,
Publishers of TIME,
The Weekly News-Magazine

The New Life of Keats

By CHAUNCEY BREWSTER TINKER

CONSIDERED merely as a story, the life of Keats is rather dull. The stocky and occasionally pugnacious little Cockney, with an apothecary's diploma and a tendency to tuberculosis, is not precisely fitted for the heroic rôle in a modern romance after the French manner. Even the love-affair with Fanny Brawne, poignant as it is, contains no plot ready-made for the novelist, be he romancer or realist. Keats fascinates us simply because he is a poet; and Miss Lowell has done both wisely and characteristically in fixing her attention upon the miracle of his poetic development. Hers is a serious, an intensely serious, piece of work.* With a thoroughness of method usually considered academic, she has set out to produce a biography of Keats that shall supersede Sir Sidney Colvin's, and to mingle with it a critique of the poems that shall take precedence of all earlier studies of Keats. The book should, therefore, be approached with seriousness of purpose, or not at all. Readers of "Ariel" or even of Miss Mayne's "Life of Byron," who may feel an impulse to read a novel masquerading as a biography, will do well to pass this book by.

The most valuable feature of Miss Lowell's biography is the amount of new material which it contains. This is, of course, the *raison d'être* of any new biography, and it is especially true in this instance, since we have already a good life of Keats; but Miss Lowell's book is, in a sense, new in kind. It is preëminently the work of a book-collector. Miss Lowell is herself the possessor of a magnificent collection of manuscripts, letters, first editions, and early works relating to Keats, on the resources of which she has drawn with peculiar knowledge and gusto. And she knows the treasures belonging to other collectors—collectors form a brotherhood—and she has been permitted to use them freely. I know of no modern biography which makes more continuous use of such documents. It is no longer possible to shut oneself up in the Harvard Library or the British Museum to produce a definitive biography; from now on, scholars must be content to range from Brookline, Mass., to San Gabriel, Cal. It will be a pleasant experience, for book-collectors, though eccentric, are, in general, gracious. Moreover, they are in possession of a vast amount of information, acquired through years of affectionate intimacy with their books, with odd title-pages, original documents, holographs, A.L.s's, and what not. It was once the fashion to despise such knowledge, and there are still scholars foolish enough to sneer at collectors; but their day is done. The fashion is *passé*. Anybody who will look through Miss Lowell's book and note the use she has made of the Day Collection, of her own peerless possessions, and of the Woodhouse volume in Mr. Morgan's library, will see at once that the private libraries of this country are to be, henceforth, among the chosen fields of scholarship. Serious English scholars will have to humble themselves and come to our shores, swallowing their emotions as best they may. The world will be a little slow to concede this. In particular will the English critics be slow, for England feels a not unnatural resentment at the transfer of such riches to America. Miss Lowell must, therefore, expect a "certain condescension" in the English reviewers of her book, and a rather grudg-

*John Keats. By Amy Lowell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1925. 2 vols.

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ing, if not belittling, estimate of the new material in her book. But—happily—such reviews pass quickly away, leaving a mere scar on the victim's memory. The reviews pass. The book remains.

In spite of our haste, an example of these new sources must be given. Of the Woodhouse volume, Miss Lowell says,

> A few selections from this volume, notably the list of Keats's books, were copied and sent to Sir Sidney Colvin, but the bulk of the volume has never before been read. Through the courtesy of Mr. Morgan, and the kindness of his very able librarian, Miss Belle de Costa Greene, I have been permitted not only to examine the book, but to transcribe it in full. It has been most interesting to find the answers to certain letters in this book in my own collection. The result of the two records is a fuller story of various events in Keats's life than it has been possible to give hitherto.

There is a vast amount of information such as that to be gathered by scholars in this country.

* * *

In another aspect, this study of Keats is, in a very particular sense, the work of a poet. It is a study, by one of the "new school," of the man whom she regards as the most significant and forward-looking poet of his generation. Her thesis is, briefly, this,—that John Keats was the great forerunner of modern, *i.e.*, contemporary, poetry. "I do not mean," says Miss Lowell, "that he *wrote* as the modern poets do, but that he *thought* as they do, and as his contemporaries most emphatically did not." This is, we fear, somewhat inflammatory. No one acquainted with the facts will be disposed to dispute the statement that Keats is today the most popular poet of his generation. That his spirit is the *most modern*, many—and, in particular, the disciple of Coleridge—will deny. Be this as it may, Miss Lowell has made a study of every line of Keats, almost in the posture of pupil before master. She has a great deal to say on behalf of Keats, and she says it in no unfaltering tone. She also says it at length. Her analysis of "Endymion," which includes a survey of its "sources"—notably Drayton—is the most elaborate study of that poem which has ever been made. Her estimate of it is not extreme; though she finds the first book charming and the second fervid, she concedes that the third is "heavy and labored"; and yet this discussion is spread over 133 pages. But what of that? There are over 1,200 in the entire book. But the reader will always find the remarks stimulating, even when he may dissent. And dissent Miss Lowell, who has the courage of her convictions and her profession, expects from other courageous souls, even when their profession is different from hers.

* * *

When poets take up the critic's pen, they seldom show much deference to their predecessors—hence, indeed, the eager interest with which we read their opinions. They rather enjoy flouting and scattering the critics. What do critics know about the composition of poetry? Listen to the words of a poet! And so Miss Lowell dogmatizes as few critics can permit themselves to do. For example, she says of the "Ode on a Grecian Urn," "No urn had anything to do with it." She believes that the first creative impulse of the poet was derived from the Elgin Marbles. She makes little of the great Vase of Sosibios, and, unless I am mistaken, does not mention the Borghese Vase, with its "leaf-fring'd legend." Now none of these is, of course, *the thing that Keats saw as he wrote*, the thing in his mind's eye; the hints by which his kindling imagination built up the "Attic shape" were, we believe, many. An urn may well have been among them. We must remember that the productions of Flaxman enjoyed a general popularity, that classic cameos, medallions, and urns—in particular, the Portland Vase—enjoyed a general popularity, and it would be well for us all to concede that these, along with the classic landscapes of Claude (whose tremendous popularity in England has never yet been correctly stated), merged one and all into that marble "brede" of classic figures which bodied itself forth in Keats's imagination as the Grecian Urn. That any or all of them account for the glory of the poem neither Miss Lowell nor the present writer would for an instant contend. It is one of those inescapable controversies about matters which are really not of first importance.

A poet's study of poems is, I repeat, always interesting. There are studies of origins here which will be scanned by all students of Keats, and there are felicities of statement which may be deemed final. In particular will the study of "Hyperion" arrest all future critics of Keats. Miss Lowell is not at one with those who regard it as the purest creation of his genius. Her remarks on its relation to the so-called "Reconstruction of Hyperion" are perhaps the best that have been offered in explanation of that strange and unfortunate thing. On the whole, it may be said that these critical studies of Miss Lowell's will appeal to many as the most delightful portion of a delightful book. The author can afford to forget those who affect to consider her work not worth doing at all; for there are some, among the strictest sect of the Pharisees, who decline to regard her poet himself as of any great importance. She must herself have heard of some of these in the neighborhood of Boston.

In the treatment of Keats's personality, there is an occasional reminder of the biographer's sex. I trust that this assertion may be accepted as free from scornful intention. Miss Lowell, for instance, shows a skill truly feminine in dealing with the complex relations of her book with Colvin's. The most ardent devotee of the English biographer can hardly take exception to the general attitude of the American. The most careful record of indebtedness, down to negligible details, is carefully made by a scrupulous author. On p. viii of the preface, Miss Lowell has made a happy apology for her book which is as winning as it is tactful. A creature of the male sex does not always find so happy a solution of personal difficulties.

* * *

Again, it is particularly interesting to read a woman's account of Keats's relations with Fanny Brawne. Men have had much to say about the mistress of Keats's soul, and much of it has been neither chivalrous nor sensible. Let a woman try her hand. Miss Lowell thinks that the chief need of Keats's emotional life was feminine appreciation and care:

> Keats never got over his need for a mother; and we must never forget this salient trait in his character. He was always seeking to fill up a void in his life of which he was only half aware. . . . One of the many reasons for Keats's failure in his relations with Fanny Brawne was that he sought in her a mother as well as lover, and she had not yet grown up enough to stand to him in both capacities.

In the light of this general consideration, she presents an analysis of the affair which is not lightly to be set aside.

There are, to be sure, moments when the reader feels that Keats is being somewhat overcharged with praise. He is defended against every conceivable criticism. There was no indecision or vulgarity, no bumptiousness—despite his treatment of Shelley—no sensuality, no commonplace thinking. Miss Lowell even sets down, admiringly, his youthful stupidities on the subject of religion. Is not this almost worship? We pull ourselves together and remember that Keats was overfond of wine, that he liked sparring-matches and bear-baiting—he could give an excellent imitation of a bear on his hind legs striking at his tormentors—that he enjoyed risking a five-pound note, and could very gleefully punch a man in the eye. He was a very human young chap, full of all sorts of hungers and fears and half-realized powers. It is appalling to remember how young he was! How shall one analyze and criticize that stirring mass of possibilities, a boy of twenty-three? For Keats, not Chatterton, is the marvellous boy of English literature. As soon as one tries to characterize him or to assess his powers, one finds himself slipping into this awe-struck attitude of Miss Lowell's. Matthew Arnold thought Keats had been "pawed" by his admirers. No doubt. But to rid one's mind of astonishment and of awe is to "fall on the other." Without the vision of the heart one does not know the truth about Keats. Perhaps, after all, the old way is the wiser way.

Saturday Review Index

The Index for the *Saturday Review of Literature* has now been published. It will be sent free to all libraries on the list of subscribers and on request to any other subscriber.

A Gloomy Dean

A STUDY OF THE PROSE WORKS OF JOHN DONNE. By E. M. Simpson. New York: Oxford University Press. 1924. $5.

Reviewed by Ben C. Clough
Brown University

THREE hundred years ago John Donne was Dean of St. Paul's, and the most admired preacher in London. As poet he was admired, too, though that was a subterranean fame. Most of his poems had not been printed, but in the manuscript commonplace-books so prized by seventeenth century personages they figured largely. Indeed some of these books—like the O'Flahertie Ms. now in Harvard College Library—consisted chiefly of Donne's poems, and though we have no poetical Mss. in Donne's own hand, he must have furnished the text for these private transcriptions. It is probable that a time came when he regretted their circulation. Many of them were, to say the least, indecorous writing for a clergyman, and three years before Donne became Dean of St. Paul's Ben Jonson told Drummond of Hawthornden that Donne "now, since he was made Doctor, repenteth highly, and seeketh to destroy all his poems."

However this may be, in 1631 Donne preached his own funeral sermon in St. Paul's, had his portrait painted in his winding-sheet (a marble effigy copied from this portrait may be seen in the cathedral today), and died. Two years later his collected poems were printed.

* * *

From 1633—the date of the published poems—to 1925 Donne's fame has suffered considerable vicissitudes. In the eighteenth century he was largely forgotten, and so (but for Coleridge's discerning taste) in the early nineteenth. Today he has been rediscovered, reedited, repraised. But—understood? That is another matter. Though it would be easy to assemble today a choice little shelf of Donniana—Dr. Jessopp's study, for example, and Mr. Gosse's "Life and Letters of John Donne," and Professor Grierson's admirable edition of the poems, and Mr. L. P. Smith's selections from the sermons—something eludes us, and we do not feel that we see John Donne so clearly as did his first and best biographer, Izaak Walton. Perhaps this is because, as the late Professor Raleigh once remarked to me, students of Donne have usually been captured by one aspect of his genius, and slighted the others.

New light is welcome, then, and Mrs. Simpson's book gives us much. Modestly called "A Study of the Prose Works of John Donne," as a matter of fact it adds to the Donne canon, for one sermon and some highly significant letters are here printed for the first time. As for the prose works in general, they are inaccessible (Alvod's incomplete edition of 1839 being now rare), but to say truth it is better to read what Mrs. Simpson says of them than to plough through the originals, many of which are but desperately ingenious exercises in theology.

* * *

Mrs. Simpson has done well to give us twenty pages on Donne's "Biathanatos," for this work so shocked the clergyman in Dean Alvord that he simply omitted it from his edition of the works. It is a tedious theological argument in defense of suicide, and its chief interest today lies in the pretty obvious fact that Donne was trifling with the idea of killing himself when he wrote the piece. To him it was no mere academic disputation "whether," as he puts it, "Self-Homicide is so naturally sinne that it may never be otherwise." The work was printed during Donne's lifetime, and he himself said of it: "It is a book written by *Jack Donne* and not by *Dr. Donne*"—i. e., in his younger and unreformed days. Nevertheless he cherished it, and wrote to a friend who had a manuscript copy, "If I die, I only forbid it the Presse, and the Fire: publish it not, but yet burn it not." He had put too much of himself into it to part with it lightly.

Mrs. Simpson's discussions are as judicious as they are scholarly, and a perusal of them clarifies one's notions about Donne's poetry. But the morbid strain of the poems becomes more morbid in prose, and if we call Dean Inge "gloomy," what word can we find for this great predecessor of his?

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Like a Torch

THE CONSTANT NYMPH. By MARGARET KENNEDY. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1925. $2 net.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

A NOVEL unglossed in its portrayal of sordid relationships, shot through with a deliberate and outspoken vulgarity, "The Constant Nymph" paradoxically stands out by reason of its beauty. Not the beauty of description—though it is written with a fine, fresh animation—nor the beauty of incident—for its episode is much of it unlovely and some of it gross—but that rare and triumphant beauty that is compact of clarity of conception, sureness of craftsmanship, and sensitive but unsentimental understanding. Miss Kennedy has herself and her material perfectly in hand; there are no loose ends to her story, no attempts to palliate the coarseness into which it forces her, no efforts to throw into high relief the pathetic and abortive emotion that informs it. The narrative moves with swiftness and rigid economy of means from a flashing beginning to a close that resolutely passes from the climax that is fiction to the anti-climax that is life. It is vivid, ugly, tender in turn, interesting in every phase, convincing despite its remoteness from usual experience.

It is a queer world into which Miss Kennedy thrusts Florence Churchill, pink and perfection of trim, sheltered, generous-minded English girlhood, the world of Albert Sanger and his friends and his wild brood of children. In the Alpine cleanness of the Tyrolean retreat where Sanger towers gigantic in the eyes of his friends as a musical genius, and where music is the sole god that is held in respect, clothes are unclean, morals are unclean, thought is unclean. Death sweeps Sanger out of it and leaves his "circus," with the stained career of one daughter, and the appalling sophistication that is so repulsive a species of innocence of the others, to be transplanted to the conventionality of English life. Tragedy inevitably comes of it—death to the "Constant Nymph," the pagan, pathetically worldly-wise, pure-hearted child just verging on womanhood, whose devotion given early to the selfish but lovable Lewis Dodd remains constant to him through the vicissitudes of his marriage to her English cousin. Death takes her from him, still the innocent child with the gypsy wildness of her nature potent within her.

Teresa indeed is the outstanding achievement of the book; she carries her vividness, as Miss Kennedy says of her dower of genius, "like a torch before her." Beside her the characterizations of Sanger, the common but kindly Birnbaum, the vulgar Trigorin, her sisters, her cousin, compelling though they are, grow pale. Her personality irradiates the book, focussing its gaiety, its pathos, its pungent vigor. She makes an excellent novel memorable.

Sidney Howard's Tales

THREE FLIGHTS UP. By SIDNEY HOWARD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1924. $2.

Reviewed by JOHN CARTER

"THREE Flights Up" is a collection of four long, short stories. This type of fiction is exacting. The plot cannot conceal any essential failure of style or content, and action must be clothed with a dignity of character and atmosphere. One cannot fake. It must be written as well as built, and the little airs and graces which suggest a budding and voluptuous promise in so many slender young novels are automatically excluded by the need for brevity. In these four stories, Mr. Howard has done well. There is no place in any of them through which the critic can poke his finger and say, "Aha! thin stuff!" Indeed, so carefully and accurately are the background, characterization, and atmosphere worked out, that action is almost entirely subordinated. Taking the stories singly, fault can be found in each. "A Likeness of Elizabeth" is a clever tale of artistic forgery that rests on the absurd premise that a woman could paint creatively so like Hans Holbein that her work would have Holbein's intrinsic merit. "Transatlantic" is so quiet a bit of character-study that there is almost no action at all. As desultory and inconsequential as the social relationships of the ocean crossing it describes, it sketches a rather wistful portrait of a woman who is a "good sport." It fails to make clear, however, that a three-thousand-mile trip is needed to convey a character of this type, or that there is any correspondence between the physical and psychical distance traversed. The last story, "The God They Left Behind Them," is a partially successful attempt to do in a New England setting what Algernon Blackwood has done so admirably elsewhere, particularly in "John Silence." In fact, it is difficult not to accuse Mr. Howard of imitation in this particular piece, imitation of *genre* and technique, rather than of concrete ideas.

The third story, "Mrs. Vietch: A Segment of Biography," is far and away the best of the lot. Of no great dramatic value, telling a very simple story of a poor woman whose husband deserted her and who earned her living and kept her home by dress-making, "Mrs. Vietch" is admirable as illustrating a quality in Mr. Howard's work which is rare in that of his contemporaries.

This quality is self-restraint. He seems to have observed and experienced a great deal that the run of young writers take on hearsay, see without perceiving, touch without comprehending. His observations are not yet very profound, but they are reflected in clear, concrete detail, and in no psychological involutions of analysis. He describes with a candid sympathy that is neither romantic sentimentality nor bitter actuality.

A Scandinavian of the Varangian Guard
From "Costume and Fashion," by Herbert Norris (Dutton).

"Three Flights Up" is not a great book; it is not even a remarkable book. But it is competently and agreeably written, and gives promise of work that shall be still more competent and possibly brilliant. Criticism is powerless to avert the internal processes of fate as exemplified in the career of an individual writer, but it is only human to hope that Mr. Howard will continue to feel, as apparently he does, that his first duty to his profession is to be interested in life, enormously interested in people, and to find out as much as possible concerning them.

The Carnegie Foundation has appropriated $7,000 for the use of the Bibliographical Society of America in carrying forward its bibliographical work. The first task will be the completion of Sabin's "Dictionary of Books Relating to America."

Comedies of H. A. Jones

REPRESENTATIVE PLAYS. By HENRY ARTHUR JONES. Edited, with Historical Biographical, and Critical Introductions, by Clayton Hamilton. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1925. 7 vols. $10 per set; $2.50 each.

Reviewed by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

MR. HAMILTON who, a short time ago, edited, with elaborate critical apparatus, the best plays of Pinero, has now performed a similar service for Henry Arthur Jones. These four volumes contain in unabridged form twenty pieces selected from sixty. After all, I ought not to call them the best plays; for they have been chosen not for their absolute merit, but for their representative and historical importance. Mr. Hamilton's prefaces are interesting and often illuminating; particularly good is his historical digest of the British drama; but I do not agree with his statement in the opening paragraph: "The Great War, with its devastating aftermath, put an end to a period of English life, of English literature, and of the English drama." All we can say with certainty is that it put an end to an enormous number of English lives. It had no perceptible cessatory effect either on English literature or on English drama. There are other reasons why Pinero and Jones have not stood out so prominently since 1914 as they did in the last decade of the nineteenth century. As for the three great leaders of contemporary British drama, Barrie, Shaw, and Galsworthy, they have gone right along doing first-rate work. Literature and art do not stop for war.

Mr. Jones believes that the best a successful dramatist can expect is that one out of three of his productions will be successful; this belief seems supported by the present edition, where that proportion receives the honor of being included in a Library edition. My own opinion is that if he had not wasted his time since 1914 in writing patriotic and political pamphlets, and in attacking H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw, he might have written some plays equal to "The Liars" and "Mrs. Dane's Defence." To attack Wells was unnecessary labor; to attack Shaw was foolhardy. The last time I saw Mr. Jones was at the Brevoort House and I did my best to persuade him to let politics and controversy alone, and to get on with his job. But he was absorbed in bludgeoning "My Dear Wells," and had to get the poison out of his system. I am rather pleased to see in a letter from him quoted in this edition, these words: "I have perhaps made a mistake in giving my last few years to political and social questions." That was written in 1923; in 1925 I think he will eliminate the "perhaps." Anybody can write a political pamphlet; very few can write a good play. . . .

Mr. Hamilton is quite right in his comparison between Pinero and Jones with reference to their apostolic fervor. Pinero has let his dramas speak for themselves, only very rarely talking about dramatic theory; but Jones, who is bound to fight for what he believes, has made many speeches, written many books and pamphlets, setting forth his ideas on the modern stage. It is not correct to say, however, as Mr. Hamilton does, "In his entire career, Pinero has delivered only one lecture, his celebrated address in Edinburgh on 'Robert Louis Stevenson—the Dramatist." For on May 7, 1912, Pinero, in stentorian tones, delivered a lecture in London in which he proved that Browning's plays were not successful at the box office.

Apart from his additions to English comedies, Mr. Jones should be held in grateful remembrance for his services in inducing his colleagues to *publish* their plays. The very recent custom of issuing new plays in book form owes more to Jones than to any other man. At a time when contemporary English and American dramas were not even considered as literary possibilities, Mr. Jones began his campaign for publication. He pleaded, he insisted, he challenged. From his point of view, not to print was to confess unworthiness. He has lived to see a complete triumph. Not only was publication a good thing for students of dramatic literature and for the dignity of the theatre; it was an essential thing for the vast army of Americans who love stage-plays. It is their only opportunity to become acquainted with modern drama.

Jones was brought up with religious severity. He was not allowed to enter a theatre (I have been told) until he was eighteen. He transferred the religious

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emphasis without losing his inherited evangelistic ardor. In the lectures that he was kind enough to deliver to my classes at Yale, his zeal for the cause of good drama can accurately be called religious. It is also worth remembering that so far back as 1894, when he wrote his book, "The Renascence of the English Drama," he saw the good time coming. For, with the one exception of the Elizabethan period, and excepting that only because it included Shakespeare, our present age is the greatest that English drama has known.

I am glad that Mr. Hamilton begins (rather against the author's wish) with "The Silver King." Not only is that a ripping melodrama, which incidentally made the author free from financial cares, but it is wholly English and characteristically Jonesian, both in its virtues and in its faults. The English have always loved melodrama; and their foremost modern actor, Henry Irving, was essentially melodramatic. He was better in "The Lyons Mail" and in "The Bells" than he ever was in Shakespeare.

I know that it is customary to say that "Michael and His Lost Angel" is Jones's best play. Jones has always said so, and Mr. Hamilton agrees with him. This is the play that was not only damned in England but in a very few nights made its New York auditorium dark. Mr. Jones published it with a defiant preface, after the manner of Ben Jonson. My own belief is that "Michael" is a very poor play; and that the British and American public were right in refusing to listen to it.

It does not compare in excellence with the author's most successful work: with "The Liars," with "Mrs. Dane's Defence," or with "The Hypocrites." These are genuine English comedies, representative of modern English life.

Even the most successful dramatists are not always satisfied; Mr. Jones told me that if he were to begin life over again, he would not write plays, but novels. Still, he is neither embittered nor pessimistic, for he also told me that he found life so happy and so interesting that he would like to live five hundred years. I wish he could, for his sake and our own; his career has been a public blessing. I have myself only one amendment to make to his lifewish; I should like to live five hundred years, with the privileged of renewal.

Weberfield

WEBER AND FIELDS. By FELIX ISMAN. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1924. $3.50.

Reviewed by J. RANKIN TOWSE.

FOR eight years the names of Joe Weber and Lew Fields were the most prominent in the list of New York funmakers. In their contracted form of "Weberfield" they were accepted as a synonym for a show that was sure to be lively, grotesque, and hilarious. Now Felix Isman has written their personal and professional history and very well he has written it, even when his style is somewhat suggestive of the imaginative press agent. But the remarkable story he has to tell, bearing all the marks of essential truth upon the face of it, is none the worse for an occasional clash of high coloring. That it will be read with avidity by thousands of those who passed merry evenings in the famous old music hall cannot be doubted. It is a notable addition to the biographical records of self-made men, if only for the reason that it differs so widely from most of them save in the matter of perseverance and hard work.

Here we have no examples of literary, artistic, or inventive genius, of the rare vision and sagacity that enable men to see and grasp opportunity, of national executive ability, or any of the special gifts which have made men leaders in the worlds of politics or finance. This is something even more uncommon, the detailed story of two smart specimens of the genus guttersnipe—let no one hold this a term of disrespect—who fought their way upwards, through innumerable obstacles, to a position of affluence and popular renown. The tale is continuously interesting, not only as an illustration of what may be effected by dogged pluck and determination with a minimum of providential aid, but as a reflection of life and manners in a New York that has been completely transformed during the last thirty or forty years. No synopsis of it can be attempted here, nor does the book offer much opportunity for extracts which are at once illuminative and sufficiently brief. Only the general nature of it can be indicated and no more is necessary.

When Joe and Lew were born, in the poorest of circumstances, junior members of huge families, in East Broadway tenements, fifty years ago, the Bowery was at the height of its unsavory notoriety, and the central region of the city between Fourteenth Street and the City Hall was packed with its saloons, dime museums, and dives of every description. The streets swarmed, especially at night, with political "heelers," "pedlars," cheap-jacks, drunken sailors, and a vast assortment of miscellaneous loaferdom. It was in this demoralizing atmosphere that the two lads passed their childhood, but they seem to have been guarded against the worst perils by the domestic virtues of their race. While scarcely out of their infancy they were contributing the few cents they could earn at odd jobs to lighten the stress of poverty at home. They were not exactly cherubim. They were more venturesome than scrupulous, but never went very far astray, in pursuing their common purpose with unwavering tenacity. Chance had made stanch allies of these diminutive nomads and the dime museum had inspired them with the ambition to become comedians. And so, at the advanced age of nine or ten years we find them constantly rehearsing their own crude act of song, dance, and knock-about. Soon they were actually giving performances, in all sorts of strange holes and corners, before admiring friends and relatives.

* * *

Presently—they were keen observers—habitual incidents in the life of bar and billiard room furnished them with hints for the enrichment of their limited repertory. They had but one act, but they expanded it and pretended to be Irish, German, or Negro, as occasion demanded. "Kid-acts," as they were called, were not unknown in those days in museums, variety halls, and beer-gardens, and were introduced to fill vacant intervals. In their earliest 'teens, after much discouragement, the two lads had gained some sort of recognition in such resorts, chiefly by their development of the knock-about. They had improvised a "make-up," invented a ridiculous patter of chaotic German-English, and rehearsed a quarrel scene ending in a fight that charmed the Bowery denizens by its apparent realism. In it the diminutive Weber, who was the goat (his cap had a metal lining) was subjected to a most ferocious battering. And this act, elaborated as the years slipped by, was ever after the chief triumph of their buffoonery.

Five years of exciting but unremunerative experience in dime museums and freak shows enabled them to aspire to regular engagements in the music halls and vaudeville. They thought themselves Croesuses when they first earned thirty dollars a week. Magnates, like Tony Pastor, derided them, but their popularity increased, until they were heard of in Philadelphia. There, too, their dancing and knock-about were received with unbounded hilarity and thenceforth their course was steadily upward. Before long they were earning $150 a week and releasing their families from the grip of poverty. Then we find them going westward, now flourishing mightily, now—they were sharper in those days—reduced to desperate straits. One summer they passed with a western circus, heard the terrifying slogan, "Hey! Rube," and were, or thought they were—in deadly peril of life and limb. But for their adventures in Chicago, San Francisco and elsewhere readers must be referred to the book.

By this time, though barely twenty, they were bright lights in their own peculiar theatrical sphere. Their battle had been won and thenceforward their record, one of growing prosperity, though still remarkable, is less diversified and interesting. Their crowning audacity, the leasing of the Twenty-Ninth Street Music Hall, which they were soon to make famous, was rewarded with a success, such as even they in their most sanguine moments, could scarcely have dreamed of. In that band-box of a house there were not seats enough to pay the salary list of the company they had engaged. Previous engagements prevented them from appearing on their own opening night. But the show, organized by them, a mixture of variety and burlesque, was a good one of its kind, had elements of novelty, and Broadway took to it from the first. To meet expenses, they raised prices; to ensure full houses, they engaged the best "talent" they could find. Soon their first nights were so eagerly awaited that the sale of seats, by auction, brought great sums that left a handsome margin over all expenses. Their burlesques of current plays, the chief features of their programmes, always caught the town. And no wonder, when the list of performers, headed by the comical Joe and Lew, included such popular favorites as Lillian Russell, Fay Templeton, Frankie Bailey, De Wolf Hopper, Peter Dailey, David Warfield, William Collier,, and others of scarcely less note.

For eight years the Weberfields floated on a flood tide of success. Then came trouble, dissension, and dissolution. All that is ancient history. Nothing remains now but the memory and the moral. The latter is obvious enough. The shows, which they provided, were thoroughly good of their kind. From the literary and dramatic point of view they were of negligible value. About them was not the slightest pretence of the high brow. They aimed to provoke laughter by broad and simple humors and hit the mark. Every performer was an expert in his or her peculiar line. If the burlesques inclined to wild extravaganza they were apt, funny, and executed with neatness and spirit. The songs were melodious and excellently sung, the dancing of the best, and all the stage appointments suitable. To do well whatever is attempted is the surest way of winning success in the theatre or out of it. This was the maxim by which Joe Weber and Lew Fields profited. If they did not do much for the cause of dramatic art they contributed largely to the stock of harmless pleasure.

Good Measure

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPÆDIA. Supplement, Vols. XXIV and XXV. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1925.

Reviewed by LINCOLN MACVEAGH

THE last complete revision of the "New International" was begun in 1914 and carried on during the years of war and the even more confused years of readjustment. It is natural that much of it should now show a certain lack of perspective. The new supplementary volumes represent an attempt to supply this perspective at the same time that they make the necessary corrections and additions of fact. "Supplement" does not fully describe these volumes. Much of the material in them replaces and supersedes corresponding material in the Encyclopædia proper. The all-important (and very complete) article on the War in Europe is an example. The editors have taken counsel of perfection. With the continuance of the helpful year-books issued by the publishers, they certainly could have put out these volumes on a less expensive scale and still have earned applause. That they have chosen the more conscientious part and have rewritten and recast and replaced as well as added and corrected, only proves once more, if proof is needed, the sincerity of their attempt to give the public a praiseworthy compilation.

Owners of the "New International" will find these volumes carefully adjusted in continuation of the older ones. Covering as they do the years 1914-1924, they contain a vast amount of information in daily demand, and constitute in themselves a little encyclopædia capable of interesting even those who do not own the larger set. Such readers, however, would be likely to welcome more maps (there are only three). In general these volumes have the excellences and defects of their parent encyclopædia. Their weakest portion is again the biographical. For an encyclopædia to be up-to-date is a virtue. One might object to the inclusion of such figures as Mayor Hylan, Edgar Guest, Fanny

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Hurst, C. Bascom Slemp, and Adolph Zukor. One certainly gasps when the editors tempt providence so far as to include the married names of motion-picture actresses. But these are matters of judgment. Less debatable is the fact that too many of the articles are far too short to give thoroughly adequate accounts of their subjects. Some are positively enigmatic. Space seems to have decreed that even in a supplement expressly devoted in a large degree to the war and its effects, the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill should receive only fourteen lines, chiefly composed of book-titles and lists of public offices. But similar lifeless "facts" about a Mr. George Irving Christie, "an American educator," earn that gentleman sixteen lines. Anders Zorn, who seems now to have crept into this encyclopædia for the first time, receives less space than Grant Overton, with this serious bit of information: "His exhibitions showed a curious juxtaposition of portraits of men and women in irreproachable society dress and strikingly realistic nudes." Sir William Orpen receives five times the space given to Zorn.

But the explanation of such vagaries is not far to seek. The "New International" is not, as a whole, a scholar's encyclopædia, though it contains much scholarly material. The excellences and defects of the new volumes are not only similar to those of the old, they are precisely what one would expect from the Encyclopædia's editorial method and choice of public. It aims admittedly at the general reader. It is built to provide information for a country which is information-mad. Its articles are anonymous, prepared by a kind of congress of "best minds" with all that that phrase implies. They too often lack the balance and proportion, the selection and emphasis that mark the work of competent and responsible authorities, and reveal too patently the work of the editorial blue pencil and shears. Not surprisingly, too, best minds have here banished nearly all trace of bias of any kind and have achieved neutrality of thought. The "New International" is not pro-American, as some critics feel the Britannica to be pro-British. Yet behind it one feels the drive of the publicist rather than the delving and discrimination of the scholar. Its best feature is its plan, its program, admirable and vast as a modern office-building or bank, with its courses of reading, its large, full-page, book-of-knowledge illustrations, its multitude of briefly informative but wholly non-encyclopædic articles alternated with imposing masses of statistics of all kinds. For some of our people some of the time, and most of them most of the time, an encyclopædia so built is bound to be not only useful but sufficient. It is not to be wondered at that it makes some sacrifices to attain the ideal of what the public wants. The critic, while making his reservations, can have nothing but praise for the way in which the new volumes give good measure, and more, in bringing it up to date, within its limitations.

The late Harry Furniss, says the *Manchester Guardian*, had some trying experiences when illustrating Lewis Carroll's "Sylvie and Bruno." The author was determined that no one should see his manuscript but himself and the artist. So in the night (he sometimes wrote up to 4 a. m.) he cut his manuscript into horizontal strips of four or five lines, then placed the whole of it in a sack and shook it up. Taking out piece by piece he pasted the strips down as they happened to come. The result was, in such a manuscript—dealing with nonsense on one page and theology on another—audacious in the extreme. For example:

> And I found myself repeating as I left church the words of Jacob when he "awaked out of his sleep," "Surely the Lord is in this."
>
> And once more those shrill discordant tones rang out—
>
> He thought he saw a banker's clerk
> Descending from a 'bus;
> He looked again and found it was
> A hippopotamus.

"These incongruous slips," said Mr. Furniss, "narrating the incident, were elaborately and mysteriously marked with numbers and letters and various hieroglyphics, to decipher which would really have turned my assumed eccentricity into positive madness. I therefore sent the whole manuscript back to him and threatened to strike! This had the desired effect. I then received manuscript I could read, although frequently puzzled by its being mixed up with Euclid and problems in abstruse mathematics."

The BOWLING GREEN

The Material to the Artist

(*Reprinted by Request*)

I HAVE seen it coming on. Now it must be said. It is my dangerous privilege to tell you what I seem to have discerned.

Happiest, unhappiest of creatures! Do you know what you are? I will tell you. I will tell you, though I hate the word, misused by thousands of canting weathercocks. Yet among those who have taken out their passports for that foreign land the word is still valid. Poor soul, you are an artist.

You are an artist; an artist in the true sense; in the sense that thousands of men and women who never set hand to manuscript or canvas or clay, who work in offices and ride in daily elevators and tend babies in the suburbs, are also artists. You are an artist because you feel; yet mere feeling does not make you an artist. You are not an artist because you are unhappy, or because you are wilful, or because you are impatient with conventions and things that rhyme with long ago. No, my dear; the artist, more than any other, values conventions at their high serene worth. Conventions—comings together—of the apt congruent mood, circumstance, intuition. And when he ruptures convention he does it consciously, meaningly, that the audience may be aware the convention exists. "I can do without God," one may have said to himself. But the mere so saying proves His existence. You are an artist because you feel—and control and modulate your feelings. "Waking life is a dream controlled," said Santayana.

* * *

You are an artist, my dear, because you are aware of the rich medium of pathos, absurdity, glamour, in which all human actions are set. You are an artist because you are aware. Aware of those little characteristic things, those strange revealing episodes, outcroppings of mirth, of horror, that typify the whole of life in miniature. You are a microscope. You are an artist in the sense that the cubist painter Nevinson is an artist, the poet de la Mare is an artist, the architect Gilbert is an artist, the paragrapher Adams is an artist. You see the world in a grain of sand. It is no credit to you. That queer besetting sense of values was born in you, somehow. A wind blew—a mandrake root yelped—a star slid—there it was. You found in your heart that mad conviction that the whole gigantic show of earth and behavior was set in motion for you alone. That the planet has labored and created railway terminals and terraced buildings and beautiful women and toy balloons and subway cars full of dogged faces—for you, for your devoted amazement. For you, for this your moment of pitiful scrutiny, for this latest tremor of crumbling Now, the vast edifice of fairy-tale swinked upward. Like the fiery bird of fable, you rise from red embers of poor burning selves and ecstasies forlorn. In this glory of you, you can afford to be humble. Lord help you, happiest, unhappiest of creatures.

* * *

And what have I to do with this? I am acting merely, for the instant, as the material for your art (don't misunderstand me). I am spokesman for the empty paper, proxy for the chunk of stone. I know that you will blunder; that you will see falsely; overboldly perhaps, overtimidly perhaps. I know you will be troubled. "A tadpole in a sea of flame," someone said. But your hunger will carry you through—your hunger for human contact, your passion for honest human value. This power, this power that is in you, will blunder; will warm you with shame in your lonely bed at night. But, knowing how your thoughts run, of one thing I am certain. You will never overdraw your account in the greatest security of all. You love life, and none of your checks on that commodity will come back cancelled *No Funds*. Let me give you, for your private ledger, three mottoes. Here they are:

It is only the generous who give to the rich, the big who praise the big; the niggardly salve their consciences in doles to the humbly poor, making life into a pilgrimage of greedy patrons in search of grateful victims.

—ELIZABETH BIBESCO.

The nobler a soul is, the more objects of compassion it hath.

—BACON.

I wear a high hat because it's a charm against passion.

—From "Roger Bloomer," by J. H. LAWSON.

This last—how superb it is—from that remarkable play by John Howard Lawson, is, though ironically uttered, the perfect sentiment for the artist. He must have passion; but he must charm it; he must sing to it; he must soothe it to his needs, to the needs of other desperadoes.

* * *

Does that sound cowardly? Is it praise of the small sconced glim rather than of the blazing torch and cresset—that lights fools and wise men both the way to dusty death? I don't know; nor any man. Nor does it matter. The wind of your desire will move through you and speed you in your own channels. You will hardly even know how you have chosen. Being what you are, I know—aye, too well I know—that I (only a mouthpiece here in behalf of your still blank foolscap) can teach you nothing of the meaning of the artist's desire. Yet (I speak as the voice of your unwritten dreams) the anxiety of the Material is no less real than the yearning of the Workman. I shall blow through you as the wind; pattern your darkness as the stars. And even that will not be enough. Oh, brave fabric of life, that waits to be possessed, moulded, held and shaped and kenned. You have had the heroics so far; now let me speak the lines. Can the Pen (which is you) tell the Paper (which am I) anything about wanting? Poems must be lived before they can be written, I heard you say. Aye, but who has more fully lived the wistful poem of not being fulfilled? It is I, not you, that shall be the mover. I shall wet your nib and I shall speed your hand. Passion, pride and fury, and pitiable humility, too—these are mine. Are they less noble than your small zeal of achievement? I shall be God; you the ritual. You shall never possess me. "Grave is her shape, and sweeter unpossessed." Yet . . . it was not she who said so.

* * *

To some such purpose, maybe, the fabric speaks to the fabricator. And now, returning to our original parts—beloved and lucky rascal, I repeat it: you are an artist. You are an artist because you see the shadows cast by the actors. Life, clumsy or malicious electrician, throws crosswise shafts upon his puppets; each is mimicked not only by one shadow but by several. You are aware of these shadows, which so many do not see. Are you a *creative* artist? Is your trouble such that it forces you to communicate it? That I cannot tell. In any case, these strange, self-comforting, and self-harassing perceptions of ours must be our best consolation. They must be the shadow of the great rock in a weary land. Even so, a shadow is never more than a shadow.

My mind goes back again to that play, "Roger Bloomer," which I have just read. A strange little play; very young in its rebellions; very old (as old as "Faust," whatever the childlike critics may say) in its jolly and ingenious technique. There are some closing lines that struck me as nobly fine: "I've given you yourself, take it. . . . Face the music, falling about you like rain."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

What is Beauty?

(*Continued from page* 527)

clipped speech, signboards, flat emotions, and machinery lives which so many dread as our future, simply because there will always be rebels against it. Such a syndicated disposition of the matter through which we live must seem senseless to those who know that there is no objective reality physically considered but rhythmic force. This dawning perception will not prevent the bridging of the Golden Gate, save old houses that are themselves harmony, or make decorum popular, but as philosophy takes new premises from science and logic and intuition begin to push out into the unknowable from our new extensions of knowledge, the defenders of beauty as the most accessible truth will grow stronger and more numerous. We shall have Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to the Rhythmic Atom in competition with the Steel Trust and Los Angeles. For stone is only gas under pressure and may conceivably become gas again, and the cells of the body are only carbo-hydrates which may be fabricated from water and coal, but the form of a cathedral and the aspect of the human body are entities in themselves without reference to substance, even if inseparable from it. They at least are conceivable reality, and therefore worthy of the highest estimation. What else is real? That is for metaphysicians to answer.

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Books of Special Interest

British Drama

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY THEATRE. By Frank Vernon. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1924. $1.50.

Reviewed by HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE

A MORE accurate though cumbersome title for Mr. Vernon's book would be "Twentieth Century British Drama in the Theatre." The special quality of the book depends on its emphasis and its point of view. For Mr. Vernon the play is decidedly the thing; he is never weary of insisting that "the primary magic of the theatre is the magic of the spoken word," that "the word-man and not the paint-man is the theatre's creative artist." He is chiefly interested in drama which is also literature. But he has chosen to look at his subject from the theatrical point of view,—to divide it, for instance, not into the work of this and that author, but into the productions and influence of the Court Theatre, Miss Horniman's theatre, and its offshoots, etc. It is this rather unusual combination which gives value to his book. He has not always proportioned his space judiciously; thus he gives too much attention to Mr. Norman McKinnel and not enough to the Irish theatre. Unfortunately he has provided no index. But he has given us a fairly lucid and well planned account of the work done by important theatres and producers in presenting the best British plays of our time, with incidental estimates of the plays and playwrights.

* * *

As a critic Mr. Vernon is tolerably sound but unimportant. He is not often very far from right, but he seldom hits the nail squarely on the head. He has a fondness for superlatives; he can tell you what is the greatest love scene in modern drama, and the next greatest, and is troubled because he can't make up his mind whether the greatest first act is to be found in "What Every Woman Knows," in "Hindle Wakes," or in "Hobson's Choice." His style is that of the careless popular lecturer, distinctly below the level of good journalism. It is colloquially clumsy, and often descends to abysses like this: "Gordon Craigism is the theatre's reaction to the antirepresentational movement in modern painting; in the case of the play which requires decoration it is the revolt from the art of the chocolate box cover; and it couldn't help but make its effect upon stage scenery." (Yet Mr. Drinkwater, in a too complimentary introduction, can say, "That his book is well written, I suppose every one will agree"!)

The great period, Mr. Vernon thinks, was ushered in by "The Admirable Crichton" in 1903, and ended with "Hobson's Choice" in 1916. These arbitrary limits are explained by the author's point of view. "Crichton" was the first great stage success of the new drama, and after 1916 the war and the flappers drove good plays from the stage for a time. The core of the book is an account of these memorable years. There are also suggestive chapters on the pioneer work of Shaw, Archer and Grein in the nineties, the one act play, the censorship, the war theatre, American drama in England, and post-war tendencies. American drama, thanks to the widespread study of dramatic form in this country, is pronounced generally superior to English in technique, but inferior in substance. "They get over the footlights, these Americans, with material which is not worth getting over." For the censorship, as chastened by the attacks of Shaw and others, Mr. Vernon finds a good word to say.

It is sound business practice periodically to take account of stock and strike a balance of gains and losses. "The Twentieth Century Theatre" is a convenient brief inventory and balance-sheet of modern British drama. It is a pity that a book so well informed and potentially useful should be handicapped by careless and clumsy writing.

The Citadel of Athens

THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS. By M. SCHEDE. Translated from the German by H. T. PRICE. Berlin: Schoetz & Parrhusius. (New York: Atlantic Book & Art Corporation.) 1924.

Reviewed by GEORGE W. ELDERKIN
Princeton University

THIS book is admirably suited to the needs of the general reader. It gives the essentials of the entire history of the Athenian Acropolis in chronological order as told by the monuments and confirmed by literary and epigraphical evidence. The many short chapters are written in an agreeable style with constant reference to excellent plates and with regard to the limited vocabulary of the reader who seeks a general but substantial acquaintance with the subject. And if this reader is tempted by the fascinating story to seek other and more detailed accounts of the Acropolis he will find at the end of the volume a bibliography conveniently classified.

* * *

The narrative is enlivened by occasional poetic exaggerations which, however, do not cause offense. The statue of Athena by Endoeus "moves on her throne uneasily as if ready to spring up and protect her people." The gigantic chest of the figure of Poseidon which once stood in the western gable of the Parthenon is the "symbol of the raging sea that shakes the coasts." The horse of Selene in the other gable is "full of the purified majesty of the queen of night."

Rarely is the choice of words open to criticism. The repeated use, however, of demon for the Greek *daimon* has the great disadvantage of conveying to the general reader the Christian connotation of the word which the Greek did not know. The Greek *daimon*, only when dethroned by Christianity, lent itself to the sinister meaning which the word "demon" now bears. To call the inquisitive Marsyas "the horsetailed demon of the woods" is to misrepresent the Greek conception of him completely. Nor is the designation of the Doric frieze as a row of chamfered and bevelled projections adequate for one who may be assumed to be a stranger to metopes.

* * *

The chapters on the superb buildings which arose on the Acropolis in the Periclean age are fittingly the best parts of the book. Although the identifications of some of the figures in the gables of the Parthenon may provoke objection, the author is very happy in his appreciations. The figures of the frieze seem "to have come from a better world which the sculptor felt behind the appearances of every-day life."

In dealing with the architecture of the Erechtheum and the Propylæa, the author has wisely avoided controversy. He would have done well in his restoration of the East façade of the Erechtheum if he had chosen a near point of view in the axis of the temple which shows the door and windows simultaneously visible between the columns of the porch. The same criticism should be made of his illustration of the Propylæa because the same principle of fenestration obtains there. In both buildings the architect in placing his windows was guided by a fine sense of unity. For, as one approached these façades, one saw the door and windows behind the intercolumnations, not behind the columns.

But no serious adverse criticism of the book can be made and Dr. Schede and Mr. Price are to be thanked, the one for writing and the other for translating a book which will finely serve to quicken a deeper appreciation of the abiding glory of the Citadel of the Athenians.

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Foreign Literature

Frederick the Great

TAGE DES KOENIGS. By BRUNO FRANK. Berlin: E. Rowohlt. 1924.

Reviewed by E. K. ZEYDEL.

IN this little volume Bruno Frank has attracted much attention by an artistic refurbishing of the human side of Frederick the Great, a character whom everyone thought he knew, but in whom the author discovers elements and possibilities hitherto hardly suspected. By means of authentic, or at least not disturbingly apocryphal scenes from the king's life, presented in epic novel-form of considerable dramatic intensity, Frank has succeeded in giving us a closer, truer picture of Frederick as a man than has ever been attempted before. The work lacks bias and has the merit of style, unconventionality, and genuine human interest.

There are three chapters. The first, "The Grand Chancellor," deals with the dismissal of Chancellor von Fürst and the imprisonment of the leading Prussian judges in connection with the litigation against Arnold, the miller—an excellent illustration of the king's obdurateness. The second chapter, "The Scar," introduces us to the Scottish Earl of Keith on a visit at Sans Souci. Austrian emissaries from Joseph, bent upon averting the War of the Bavarian Succession, happen along on the same afternoon but are promptly and gruffly sent packing. This scene gives the author occasion to introduce quite delicately an intimate and historically well founded incident of the king's life—the story of the scar. It was taboo under the Monarchy and Empire and hence not generally known; doubtless it throws much light upon the personality of Old Fritz. The final chapter, "Alkmene," pictures the king stoically reviewing his troops in a rainstorm in Silesia and his arduous and hasty return to Potsdam in his humble "carriage of state" upon learning of the serious illness of one of his pet greyhounds, Alkmene. Frank has here achieved a most difficult task. By his subtle art the bluff, surly king, who cared more for his dogs than for any of his human associates, actually wins our affection.

A reading of the book will repay anyone who is interested at all in the history of the period and especially in the striking figure of the ablest of the Prussian monarchs.

New French Verse

ANABASE. By SAINT JOHN PERSE. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 1924.

Reviewed by JEAN CATEL.

THE reaction against cerebral verse promises to be violent. Which way will the poets turn? To a renewed classicism? to a "super-realism" as the phrase goes in these chaotic days? or shall we witness a mixture of both; Jean Cocteau and Paul Reverdy?

Here is a new book signed by what seems to be a "nom de plume." M. Saint-John Perse has given us through "La Nouvelle Revue Française" a widely romantic rhapsody which he calls "Anabase." I shall quote a passage:

Il naquit un poulain sous les feuilles de bronze. Un homme mit ces baies amères dans nos mains. Etranger. Qui passait. Et voici d'un grand bruit dans un arbre de bronze. Bitume et roses, don du chant! Tonnerre et flutes dans les chambres! Ah!

It certainly is, in spite of its strangeness, a picture of harmonious outline and coloring: a stranger happens to pass by, a bronze tree is there, a-rustling under the mysterious wind created by the man; a colt is born unto us; the man deposits in our hands bitter berries, and the world is filled with music. If M. Saint-John Perse (what a curious name) intended to puzzle the reader's imagination, he partly failed. His is merely the romantic vision of mystery gliding through life and transforming it into something altogether bitter and beautiful. His avowed wish is merely that of all poets, adventure, which is symbolized, as I suppose, by the young colt. His music is nothing but a compound of sweetness (the flutes) and crash (the thunder). One wonders whether M. Saint-John Perse will renovate the soul of poesy.

But maybe it is his rythms that we have to consider for originality. After all, a poet is a man with ordinary feelings but with a personal sense of cadence. Let us see. The first sentence is a twelve syllable line, a fine one, too, but just that. The second one is a twelve syllable line, a less successful combination of vowels and consonants, (the consonant-alliteration homme, mit, amères, mes, mains, being harsh and abrupt). The next sentence is very obviously shorter one word. Ah! but it is the important word of the whole passage—Is it necessary to go on? The book of M. Saint-John Perse (a very intriguing name, indeed) is made of mixed verse patterns, and sometimes the mixture is not so cleverly done ,as it is in the passage above quoted, which I give as one of the simplest.

Now and then M. Saint-John Perse lingers and makes us linger on an image of traditional beauty, by which I mean of universal associations, such as: *l'odeur solennelle des roses.* Such halts in the poet's unrestrained sweep of eloquence are a relief to the reader. M. Perse (we may abridge his fascinating name) is a poet, in spite of himself. But, as far as super-realism is concerned, we expect better things than his "Anabase."

There are two unquestionably clear features about his book: the title which indicates that his verse tells of adventure and warfare, and the wordiness of the contents. Adventure and warfare . . . in verse are always welcome. Wordiness should be limited to political eloquence.

A Literary Platform

JULIETTE AU PAYS DES HOMMES. By JEAN GIRAUDOUX. Paris: Emile-Paul Frères. (New York: Brentano's).

Reviewed by THOMAS C. CHUBB.

JULIETTE, a girl rather than a lady from the provinces, is engaged to a young man who has known her since they both were children. Gerard (the young man) is a handsome if somewhat unsubtle young athlete, who is addicted to rusticity and to bird shooting. There is also Juliette's uncle who is described very meticulously, largely because "he plays no part whatsoever in the romance."

Juliette apparently appreciates the handsomeness of her fiancé, but not the rusticity. Therefore before settling down to marrying him she wishes to spend one month of exploration in the land of men. She writes a letter to Girard telling him this. Then she takes a train for Paris. There she searches for Roderigo, a trainer of bizarre animals. She meets Lemancon, a strange modern writer. And Boris, a Russian. Her adventures with these and with others she meets—they are more harmless than one generally encounters in French novels—form such subject as the book has. At the end, as she promised in the beginning, she comes back to Gerard.

Actually, however, the book has no subject. It is simply a platform upon which M. Giraudoux can sit while he blithely plays with his phrases and ideas.

Irony is too strong a word for his method, though certainly it is sometimes ironic. And foolery is too light a word. Perhaps you could combine the two and call it ironic foolery. There is much less matter in the book than you have come to expect in the works of French writers. Yet within its limits it is done excellently. Therefore it should please many.

Foreign Notes

VINCENZO NITTI, son of the ex-Premier of Italy, has recently issued a volume entitled "L'Opera di Nitti" (Turin: Gobetti) which is in effect an apologia for his father. Premier Nitti has been held by most Italians to be responsible for one of the most unfortunate régimes of recent history, and his son with the best will in the world has apparently been unable to prove the contrary. His book is a discussion of some of the incidents of his Premiership that have been most assailed and an attempt through quotations from his addresses to prove the correctness of his policies. Apparently it is a work to convince no one.

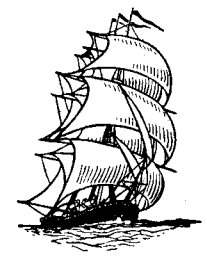
John Lane, the London publisher who for many years conducted the Bodley Head publishing business, died on February 2. Lane was founder of the *Yellow Book.*

Under the title "Intérieurs" Albert Thibaudet has brought together three studies on Baudelaire, Fromentin, and Amiel. In commenting upon it a French critic, calling attention to the balance and penetration of Thibaudet's criticism quotes him as saying, "I too am tired of always being called the just." Vain humor, says the critic, for he will never be anything else.

SCRIBNERS

Just Published

Human Nature and the Gospel
By Wm. Lyon Phelps
This book has the same method of approach as the earlier "Human Nature in the Bible," that sprightly and humorous interpretation of the intensely human characters in the Old Testament. In addition to presenting the men and women of the New Testament just as if they were alive in the twentieth century, Professor Phelps gives a penetrating interpretation of the unique and enduring Personality of the Gospels—the Founder of Christianity, the Teacher who "knew more about humanity than any poet, novelist, scientist, philosopher, or dramatist." $2.00

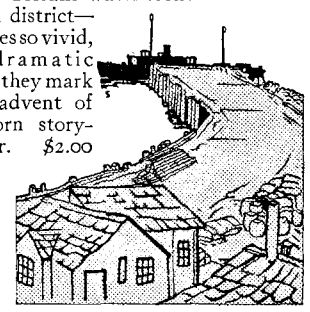


The Black Cargo
A Novel
By J. P. Marquand
Author of "The Unspeakable Gentleman"
A high-colored romance of action of the period when slave-smuggling was punishable by death, set in a port of New England redolent of the sea and ships. Eliphalet Greer, a character stranger, more compelling, more sinister, even than the famous "unspeakable gentleman" of Mr. Marquand's earlier novel, is outwardly a ship-owner and merchant impeccably respectable and deeply religious; in reality he has a past lurid with villainy, and pursues a profitable underhand trade in black cargoes. Yet there is something so appealing in his personality that when in the course of the story an avenging doom threatens him the reader cannot withhold his sympathy. $2.00

How to Tell the Fashions from the Follies
By Caroline Duer
Associate Editor of Vogue
Here is something quite new; it is neither "etiquette" nor dress, yet it suggests that subtle combination of clothes and manners which gives charm to the personality. $1.50

Track and Field
Principles and Details of Training and Practice for Each Event
By T. E. Jones
Director of Physical Education, University of Wisconsin
A thoroughly practical manual. $2.00

Under the Levee
By E. Earl Sparling
Here are thirteen stories of the New Orleans water-front and red-light district—stories so vivid, so dramatic that they mark the advent of a born story-teller. $2.00



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A French Crusader

By Henri Hertz

I RECALL that on the very threshold of the Galérie des Glaces, immediately after the signatures had been affixed to the Treaty of Versailles, many of those who had collaborated in drawing up that gigantic, weighty, and obscure document, that difficult breviary of a new age, were at no pains to conceal the belief, indeed they openly declared it, that "The work is accomplished. Now we must let time do its work." Time, forsooth, has done its work; has done it ill for four years. Only today does there at last seem prospect of improvement. Hitherto statesmen have not wearied of proclaiming that the Treaty was ruinous for the world, menacing for the future, and in few respects capable of application. Victory has had its vicissitudes as well as war, and politics have played their part in them. And thence arises a question. Is the evolution of victory, which has proved so painful a process, to continue to be conditioned by the fluctuations of politics? Is it to maintain its hitherto dangerous appearance of being a matter of factions, bound to certain political ideas and not to others? It is to be hoped that the world will soon begin to escape from the trammels of political ambition, and that matters of international importance will become the subject of disinterested study and endeavor.

It is in the fact that it does rise superior to partisan beliefs that a volume not long since issued in France, "La Victoire," by Alfred Fabre-Luce, attains distinction and force. M. Fabre-Luce takes the bundle of post-war events, and assembles them in such fashion that their course acquires a character at once inevitable and justiciary. He places before us a warning of justice, something figuratively comparable to the bundle of the lictors which conceals the ax. For M. Fabre-Luce does not content himself with merely describing and classifying in their logical order the mistakes which have been made, the preconceptions which have been encountered, the pernicious deductions which have been drawn from a war the meaning of which has been falsified and the lessons of which have been misunderstood. He shows us the sword which is suspended above our heads, and which will fall or be averted according as the future, the immediate future, is influenced by its vagaries or has the courage to ignore them. To the reform of sentiment, a subject which under his handling takes on an aspect of nobility and bulks larger than the decisions of governments and the battles of doctrine, civic consciousness and the march of custom must render contributions. No change in thought can be realized unless the organs which influence public opinion and the articles of faith which convention has established, are modified. This conviction leads M. Fabre-Luce once he has stated his thesis to take up some of its particular implications and to discusss in especial, propaganda and diplomacy.

It is a pleasure to note that a number of important books, written during the course of the past few years, which rightly or wrongly have been restricted to limited publics, through their bearing upon M. Fabre-Luce's beliefs are at last finding a more diversified audience. Stripping them of what is manifestly mere bitterness and partisanship, he examines them and their influence and trends, projecting them against the larger background of his own work. I have in mind, for instance, the attack which M. Demartial launched against propaganda in his "La Guerre de 1914: Comment On Mobilisa les Consciences," and that even more vehement tirade against the diplomatic service, M. René Marchand's "La Condemnation d'un Régime." Propaganda, parcelled out under the august title of the "Union Sacrée," among the leading newspapers, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the Ministry of War, and the "Grandes Associations," and everywhere under military censorship, busied itself in piling on Germany the full onus of responsibility. M. Demartial turns upon its methods the mordant light of a critical spirit infused with a bantering good-humor.

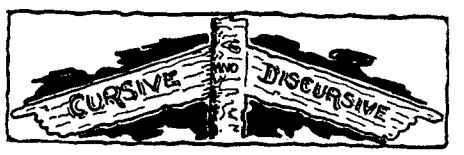
That extraordinary mobilization of opinion without which a war of universal proportions would have been impossible, conduced to persuading the majority of the French people that Germany on principle and in practice had committed crime after crime, cruelty upon cruelty, maladroitness upon maladroitness. It became the habit to impute to them even the disorder and the military negligence which the Allies knew how to guard against. The men at the front denied these statements, and figures, since, have disproved them. To no result; the necessities of the propaganda system demanded a blanket condemnation at all times.

Now, on the morrow of the war what is to be done to redress such prejudice? The problem would have been difficult enough even if attention had been directed to it ardently from the moment that peace had been signed. And it is much the more difficult now that it has become a commonplace topic, and since the trouble in the Ruhr has further complicated it.

In regard to the diplomatic origins of the war, and the question of Germany's sole responsibility—a question still debated with vigor—M. Fabre-Luce presents facts and deductions that powerfully threaten the position maintained by the propagandists. For a dozen years before the war there were a number of Frenchmen, of whom I rejoice to think that I was one, who bent their energies to demonstrating how grave was the danger of precipitating war in Europe and forcing Germany to thoughts of and preparation for such a conflict, that was involved in the treaties negotiated, one by one, by M. Delcassé. To these considerations was added another in regard to which M. Fabre-Luce finds himself in agreement with M. René Marchand. That was the matter of Russia.

M. René Marchand was one of those impétuous and weary Frenchmen who believed that seeking refuge in Russian experiences would bring him satisfaction. Having taken up residence in Russia, he rifled the imperial archives, and there found among the notes and letters of the Russian ambassador to Paris evidence that Russia had long been contemplating a war and was winning France over to the thought of it. She was exploiting, thus, the guarantees which M. Delcassé had secured as to the western Mediterranean and the instability which had resulted in the eastern Mediterranean where all the schemes which had been foiled in the former section were let loose and came into collision with each other. The Balkan War was the result. France ranged itself solidly with Russia against Austria and Germany. And it was between Russia and Austria—who can forget it?—that two years later the first spark of the Great War was kindled. Emanating from Soviet Russia, and originating with an exile, this charge was powerless to influence French public opinion.

Is it not a symptom worthy of attention that this view should today to a certain extent be revived by M. Fabre-Luce, who without his having in any way borrowed, or been influenced by it, finds himself holding the same opinion, expounding it with greater fulness and from new angles, insisting with a persuasive eloquence in bringing it to the attention of the Frenchmen who are discouraged by the complexities of the peace situation and anxious as to the destiny of their country?



By The Phoenician

HENDRIK VAN LOON has offered an annual prize of 5,000 francs for the best Flemish book of the year. A committee has been formed in Belgium to award the prize. Hendrik says the recipient of the prize is under no obligation as to how he shall spend the money. He may buy a flivver with it, or barrels of Burgundy, or go to Rome to see the Pope!

We are fond of *Stacy Aumonier's* tales and consequently welcome, "Overheard," the latest volume of them, just off the press. Our old favorite story, "The Friends," though previously appearing in book form, is included in this volume. We remember with pride that we heartily recommended to *The Century Magazine* the original manuscript of "The Friends." And they bought and printed it.

A twenty-two-year-old printer named *Eli Siegel* has won the 1925 *Nation* poetry prize. Four thousand manuscripts were entered for the prize this year. This poem is Mr. Siegel's first published composition, except for a story which was bought by his high-school paper in Baltimore for one dollar.

The advance orders have been heavy for the first cross-word novel to be announced. This is "The Long Green Gaze" published by *Ben Huebsch.* It is said to appeal to all those who began by riding a cushion-tire safety-bicycle and playing Pigs in Clover and have lately indulged in Eskimo Pie and Mah Jong.

Zane Grey has gone to join the Beebe scientific expedition in the Galapagos Islands. *Dr. William E. Barton* was recently given a bang-up farewell dinner in Chicago, previous to his sailing for a trip around the world. His "Life of *Abraham Lincoln,*" the life-work of a great Lincoln authority, will be out this Spring. And we've been hearing a lot about *Scott Fitzgerald's* new novel "The Great Gatsby" which Scribner will feature soon. It is said to be his most mature and successful work so far.

Of *Lucille Van Slyke's* "Nora Pays," *Louis Untermeyer* hazards, "Isn't this a typographical error? Shouldn't it be *Nora Bayes?*"

Knopf's new Blue Jade Library is designed to cover the field of the semi-classic, semi-curious books. Any book that has survived the test of time but is little more than a name to the greater reading public will be eligible. The first title will be "The Life of Henri Brulard" by *Stendhal;* the second volume, to appear in March, is "The Diaboliques" by *Barbey d'Aurevilly.* Two books by *Marmaduke Pickthall* are to come.

We wonder why, in the sixth catalogue of *Arthur Rogers* of The Gardens, Monkseaton, Northumberland, two *Masefield* items should be thus set down:

366 MASEFFIELD, JOHN. THE TRAGEDY OF NAN. *First Edition,* eq. cr. 8vo. 1909. *Very fine copy,* with C. E. MONTAGUE'S SIGNATURE on the hf. title.

and

367 ——— THE TRAGEDY OF POMPEY THE GREAT. *First Edition,* cr. 8vo. 1910. Mr. C. E. MONTAGUE'S COPY, with his name on half-title. Very Fine.

We wonder how come that *Mr. Montague's* copies are so *very fine as* well as being first editions; and we wonder why the author of "Fiery Particles" let pass out of his possession a "first" of what we still consider Masefield's finest drama,—namely, "Pompey"?

Lincoln MacVeagh is getting out a very pleasant supplement to the lists of the Dial Press, in the way of a brochure, *The Cupid and Lion.* The first number opens with a discussion by *Galsworthy* of *Mottram's* "The Spanish Farm," which, we see, has just won the Hawthornden Prize. Mr. Mottram's "Sixty-four—Ninety-four" will be published in the Spring, and sheds further light on Madeleine's character. It is the story of her lover, Skene.

April of this year will see the first issue of *The Virginia Quarterly Review,* under the editorship of *James Southall Wilson.* The *Quarterly* is to be published by the University of Virginia and is fortunately underwritten for a period of years. The intention is to make it a national journal of discussion, and it may attain the eminence in the south that *The Yale Review* now occupies on the Eastern seaboard.

R. W. Chapman, who, says *Christopher Morley,* wrote a book of essays that is absolutely perfect, sails for this country with *Humphrey Milford* in the *Olympic* on the 18th of March He may be heard of, after landing, at the Oxford University Press.

Edwin Carty Ranck says that, as *Charles J. Finger,* author of "Highwaymen," "Bushrangers," "Tales From the Silver Lands," etc., has travelled extensively, he proves that *Omar* was correct in declaring: "The moving finger writes"!

We understand that *Waldo Frank's* forthcoming translation of *Jules Romains's* "Lucienne" is an excellent rendering of a distinguished French novel. Mr. Frank's translation ran serially in the *Dial* and will be published by Boni & Liveright.

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Announcement

With the approach of Spring the House of Putnam will offer a wide variety of new and entertaining books. February Fourteenth (St. Valentine's Day) is an important date. It offers a collection ranging from a vivid and realistic novel of American farm life to the witty, genial talk of a well-known London critic on writers, publishers and books. There is also a romantic novel and first-rate detective story. In short there is something for everybody.

BACKFURROW, by *G. D. Eaton*, is a remarkable and tragically beautiful story of aspiration which descends to compromise. It is laid against a grim background of struggle with the soil and provides what is undoubtedly the most veracious and honest picture of American farm life that has yet been made. The author is a young man who has been known from time to time for his revolt against certain hidebound traditions, especially in the world of education. In this novel he has written a distinguished, poised and elevated piece of work. It has the reality of life itself. ($2.00)

James Milne is, like many other critics and writers, a Scotsman descended upon the Anglo-Saxons of London. He has spent most of his life among publishers, writers and booksellers. He knows the business inside and out, and in A LONDON BOOK WINDOW ($2.50) he tells some of the experiences he has had and some of the stories he has heard in the world of books and writers. It is a wise, whimsical, informative book.

In THE BRONZE COLLAR, *John Frederick* recreates the romantic background of Southern California in the days of its occupation by the Spaniards. It is a thrilling tale that he tells, full of color and atmosphere, the first book of its sort since RAMONA. ($2.00)

THE MURDER CLUB by *Howel Evans* is a novel mystery story—not the usual business of hide and seek, but a real complicated blood-stirring tale in which a band of professional men put their heads together to aid Scotland Yard in solving a series of revolting crimes. It is a new idea, brilliantly handled. ($2.00)

Al Carthill is the pseudonym of the author of THE LOST DOMINION, a book which has set all England agog because of its frank treatment and criticism of the government of India. A pseudonym was made necessary by the fact that the author is at the moment in the Indian service where he has spent several years. He knows whereof he speaks—indeed he knows too well for the pleasure of many persons in high places. ($3.50)

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OF WHITE HOUSE GOSSIP. From Washington to Lincoln. By EDNA M. COLEMAN. Doubleday, Page. 1925. $5.

This is a singularly pleasant sort of gossip. After much dark talk of intrigue and scandal concerning national figures it is a relief to listen to amiable chat of what Dolly Madison served for dinner and of how Anne Royal sat on a President's clothes as he bathed in the Potomac and kept him in the water until he had given her an interview. The author conceives of gossip in its lightest sense. It is not her aim to reveal dark and direful secrets, but to retail pleasant yarns and intimate descriptions of national figures.

The book almost amounts to a social history of the national capital. The characteristic social functions and usages of each administration are described with a wealth of detail. The coaches of the Presidents, the manner in which the mistresses of the White House received callers, the appearance of the beaux and belles of each period, and all kindred matters which picture the social life of Washington are dwelt upon at length. This emphasis upon social events and procedure also gives the author opportunity to give an enlightening account of the effect of the White House ladies upon the political fortunes of the Presidents.

Perhaps this latter feature is the most important thing about the book. Having every appearance of veracity it lifts what would otherwise be merely entertaining gossip into the class of historical commentary. It is a woman's book, both as to material and point of view, and should be most acceptable to those ladies who wonder how their sisters in the high places have fared.

MY FLIGHT FROM SIBERIA. By *Leon Trotzky*. American Library Service.

JOHN DONNE. By *Hugh l'Anson Fausset*. Harcourt, Brace.

CASANOVA'S ESCAPE FROM THE LEADS. Translated by *Arthur Machen*. Knopf.

LIFE OF GEORGE BORROW. By *Herbert Jenkins*. Putnams. $3.75.

Business

THE MATHEMATICAL THEORY OF INVESTMENT. By ERNEST BROWN SKINNER. Ginn. 1924. $3.40.

Originally brought out in 1913 but somewhat enlarged upon recently, this book, as the title suggests, is designed more for students and the technical staffs of large investment institutions than for the ordinary investor. The book in many respects is unique as a contribution to investment literature. Its contribution lies not so much in what is contained that is new as in the presentation in organized form of the mathematical chapters needed by insurance companies, investment bankers, and public service commissions. The literature of European countries where investment is a finer art than here contains more books of this character than that of our own country.

An especially interesting addition now made to the first edition is the chapter on depreciation, a section that is likely to prove helpful to public utility and railroad experts at work on valuation problems.

DRAWING OFFICE PRACTICE. By *H. Pilkington Ward*. Pitman. $2.25.

Drama

THE FLOWER SHOP. A Play by MARION CRAIG WENTWORTH. Four Seas. 1924. $1.50.

The question of woman's independence, of her ability to maintain her integrity and "freedom" while submitting to the "bonds of matrimony," may have been a bitterly disputed question in 1911, when this play was written. Even today there may be some backwater social centers where the husband or fiancé displays a mind and will of adamantine marble when his bride displays a desire to work. To most, however, the issues and arguments of this drama are old and obvious; nor does the manner of presentation add any novelty to the play. A lost letter holding two lovers apart, a lost voice regained that threatens to part a loving couple, a flower-shop where wedding wreaths are prepared by her who will stay single for freedom's sake—until her lover capitulates and accepts her with the shop: these make reading unrelieved by distinction of dialogue or deftness of technique. Memory suggests that this theme was once a one-act play, of a tenseness that should not have been diluted by the present expansion.

ONE ACT PLAYS FOR STAGE AND STUDY. New York: Samuel French. $3.

ESMORET. Translated from the Middle Dutch by *Harry Morgan Ayres*. The Hague: Nighoff (Theatre Arts).

MARY OF NIMMEGAN. Translated from the Middle Dutch by *Harry Morgan Ayres*. The Hague: Nighoff. (Theatre Arts).

LANCELOT OF DENMARK. Translated from the Middle Dutch by *P. Geyl*. The Hague: Nighoff. (Theatre Arts).

THE DISCOVERY. By *Frances Sheridan*. Doran. $2 net.

Fiction

ABRAHAM GOODE. By G. RANGER WORMSER. James Raye Wells. 1924.

This tale, which in thirty wide-margined pages covers a long span of years, is a performance of quite remarkable quality. It is the impressionistic portrayal of a man, who waxing mighty and powerful among his fellows of the village, takes on in their eyes even during his lifetime the colossal proportions of the superhuman. In one thing alone that he sets out to do—the winning of the girl he loves—does he fail of the accomplishment of his purpose, and in that too at death he is triumphant. There are a sincerity, a sparse yet vigorous powerfulness of emotion, a sharpness of outline to this sketch that lend it vivid life. Mr. Wormser's style is effectively simple and repetitious, strongly impressionistic, with its ruggedness relieved by frequent reflections of a poignantly realized beauty of scene and setting. The narrative moves with sureness and swiftness, and for all its bareness of incident is full of feeling and tension. It is a tale artistically conceived and no less artistically executed. The little work well merits the elegance of paper and typography that have been lavished upon it. As a piece of bookmaking, though hardly more than a pamphlet in size, it is all that could be desired.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BLACKGUARD. By RAYMOND PATON. Houghton Mifflin. 1924. $2.

This book is not miscalled on the wrapper "A Continental Romance,"—except that the more specific word "European" would have banished at once any possible anticipatory thoughts of Colonial America. It is a life-story, unfolded through a diary and in other ways by a reverent group in England, after the strange hero's death. And hero he is made out to be, both in his rise and fall,—the greatest violinist of his age, beautifully refined of nature, elementally kind and good, yet pursued and haunted for a lifetime by the delusive belief that he had sold his soul to evil, in return for the supernatural gift of supreme art. This delusion is threaded throughout the fabric of the musician's life, often with great effect of reality. It is explained, after the haunted man's death, by a series of ingenious, but just too handy, coincidences, following a blow on the head by a cognac bottle in childhood.

Michael Caviol's moods and delicate perceptions, and the reaction of his sensitive spirit to beauty and to love, are fully and gently treated. The writer, one would say, has studied such a spirit carefully and to good purpose. He handles tenderly and in experienced detail all passages relating to music and the violinist's art.

While the language of the story is vivid and often rich, it is curiously spotted throughout with inaccuracies in grammar and spelling. One wonders whether this is due simply to haste, or to the fact that with this writer English has been an "acquired" language. In any case the author is not French, for he misspells one or two words in that language, and Père Lachaise becomes unaccountably "Pierre-la-Chaise"!

As a romance, this book is fully-rounded, varicolored, and of sustained interest and pace. One feels that the frame of present-day realism into which the more living diary is set is quite obviously an improvised frame, and not a very good one. But the heart of the picture within, Michael Caviol's life-story, passes well for romance, and is painted with balanced imagination.

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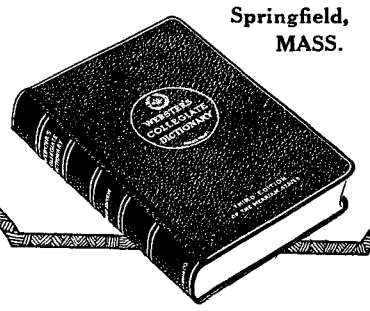

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

HEART OF THE SOUTH. By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE. Columbia, S. C.: The State Company. 1924. $3.

As a short story writer Mr. Rutledge throws back to the magazine school of the '80s. At his best he might have been published in our "best magazines" of that time. In some technical regards this, relatively, is praise, since it means that he holds to the classical ideal of the form, on which the average prolix and rambling magazine story of the present is hundreds of miles from marking an improvement. As to material, he generally keeps outdoors and within a limited territory, of South Carolina plantations, swamps and forests, and sea islands—ground that he loves like a poet and knows by inches. His better productions are romantic mysteries and nature stories. His writing, in the specific sense, is decidedly artistic, his chief failings being addiction to the cheapest brands of sentiment and a weakness of dramatic invention that causes collapses at points of climax. His best is quite exceptional, his worst is very bad, and little if any of the former is included in "Heart of the South."

A. O. BARNABOOTH. HIS DIARY. By VALERY LARBAUD. Translated by GILBERT CANNAN. Doran. 1924. $2.50

A strange multi-millionaire, this Archibald Barnabooth, who goes in search of the "Absolute." The quest takes him into Germany, Italy, Russia, Scandinavia, England; and as one reads, it appears that the young millionaire expects to find the "Absolute,"—whatever that may be,—in the person of some lady. He loves extravagantly, and many times, always heaping riches and favors on the beloved. However, he never finds the "Absolute," and remains without a promise of finding it.

He is a gentle spirit, despite streaks of coarseness and sardonic humor. He is an excellent observer. He learns that he is not generally credited with a soul, but only with a desire to display his riches. He possesses, all the same, a fine soul indeed, which gropes in the shadowland of truth. Barnabooth concludes that all he wants is to "watch myself living," and later, that he is a moralist—"righteousness itself"; and still later, "I renounce moral passion forever." Is that, perhaps, the "Absolute"? He asserts the possibility of having at the same time gold and sensitiveness. And all by a series of effortless pictures in lucid prose, reaching us in Gilbert Cannan's rhythmic and colorful translation.

But is it Barnabooth, a millionaire, who goes on that diverting and somewhat hedonistic search for the "Absolute,"—or is it Valery Larbaud? There is not enough semblance of realism in the book to answer that question. The touches of business atmosphere are insubstantial, and A. O. Barnabooth seems hardly a trustworthy keeper of even inherited millions. One feels that during some charming philosophical flight any mundane rascal could make off with the strong box. No, it must be Valery Larbaud. These are the adventures of a subtle brain, not of a man. Into the bargain, Mr. Barnabooth is an American millionaire, but quite unrecognizable in Pittsburgh, Wall Street, or the stock-yards.

The book is like a tapestry deep-toned and rich, and with something of the stiffness in its figures that one finds in tapestries. There is repetition that might have been cut to advantage, but the touch of an artist is still plain.

FETTERS OF FREEDOM. By FRANCES GREDDINGTON. Small, Maynard. 1924. $2.

Like so many of her contemporaries the heroine of this tale was a novelist, who dashed off a best seller before attaining the age of twenty. Then, despite her yearning to go on writing, she married one of the two men with whom she was in love. She claimed to have read Freud, which may have some bearing upon the story. We next meet her, after a ten-year interval during which she has had four children. Having decided that she must be "free" she has run away to England, taking only her daughter. We are then told (Chapter II of Part III) that "Elizabeth decided to write her book first and then to explore life." That is a method followed by many Elizabeths: it has the advantage that it leaves the writer unhampered by any knowledge of human realities: free to build upon Freud and fancy. After a series of inconsequential episodes—which, however, are the best things in the book, though they have no organic connection with it—Elizabeth returns to her husband, and all is well. That is, as well as could be with a virile Harvard Bostonian husband whose vocabulary is singularly limited, consisting chiefly of "Hell!" and who also had the rude habit of "laying hands on" his wife, to black and blueness. There are other queer folk, such as the drug-taker, of whom the Italian-London doctor says that "the man's primordials are all to the bad." Another minor personage explodes—"Damn Freud! Damn him! Damn him! Damn him!" To which the reader may respond with a triple Amen.

THE RED LACQUER CASE. By PATRICIA WENTWORTH. Small, Maynard. 1925. $2.

The portrayal of one character in this otherwise quite normal detective-mystery yarn so stands out as to lift the book above its class. The other actors are little more than the familiar stock figures (though well done and sufficiently animated for the needs of a puzzle story) but Etta, the former suffragette, who is a dupe and tool of the aggregation of conspirator-villains of the piece is conceived with a subtle understanding; she is a striking psychological study. She had been a "militant" who found her occupation gone with the grant of "votes for women" and who turned, naturally, to queer cults and eventually to ecstatic pacifism as an outlet for her energy. She is an excellent example of the type that easily becomes a prey to the charlatan but the author manages to keep her entirely human—so much so that you sympathize with her, even at her stupidest. She is often feminine. For the rest, the tale is a skilfully built crime-puzzle story, turning upon the disappearance and recovery of a lacquer case which contains the priceless formula for the manufacture of a most deadly poison gas. There are also two ably depicted eccentrics among the minor folk: the inventor and a bed-ridden old lady who can get up and walk upon occasion to surprising results. Both of these are deftly drawn, without caricaturing. The total makes an attractive, entertaining yarn.

GESTA ROMANORUM. Translated by CHARLES SWAN. With a Preface by E. A. BAKER. Dutton. 1924. $5.

This new volume in the excellent Broadway Translations reopens for popular consumption that ancient well of good plots, the "Gesta Romanorum." In these quaint tales, assembled about the thirteenth century, Rome is seen through mediæval windows as a feudal town where impossible and unhistorical emperors perform most un-Roman acts. Of course there is nothing Roman in the "Gesta" except the title, and the stories come from a dozen races and have been borrowed by as many more. They are primarily plots—with such twists of incident as have preserved them in memory. There are still a dozen plays to be made of this volume and a hundred short stories.

The tales, and the absurd moralizations of them which were their justification for the monkish chroniclers, are printed in the good translation of the Reverend Charles Swan. His elaborate Introduction is now so out of date in its information and so wrong in many of its conclusions that it might have been omitted with advantage. Dr. Baker's Preface, which states our more modern knowledge of the *Gesta,* is enough. Specialists will gain nothing from Swan and the general reader will get what he desires from the stories themselves. The "Gesta Romanorum" was one of the most successful books ever written, and there is meat, as well as quaintness, in it still.

SHAKEDOWN. By *Alice MacGowan* and *Perry Newberry.* Stokes. $2.

BACKFURROW. By *G. D. E. Eaton* Putnam. $2.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF By *Louis Hémon.* Macmillan. $2.

ANNETTE AND SYLVIA. By *Romain Rolland.* Holt. $2.50.

WITH ÆSOP ALONG THE BLACK BORDER. By *Ambrose E. Gonzales.* Columbia, S. C.: State Co.

LAGUERRE. By *Ambrose E. Gonzales.* Columbia, S. C.: State Co.

THE CAPTAIN. By *Ambrose E. Gonzales.* Columbia, S. C.: State Co.

THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES. By *Nathaniel Hawthorne.* (The World's Classics). Oxford.

MIRACLE. By *Clarence Budington Kelland.* Harpers. $2.

VETERANS ALL. *Anonymous.* American Library Service. $2.

ONE HOUR AND FOREVER. By *T. Everett Harré.* Macaulay. $2 net.

GOD'S STEPCHILDREN. By *Sarah G. Millin.* Boni & Liveright $2.

INITIATION. By *George Shively.* Harcourt, Brace. $2 net.

IF DREAMS COME TRUE. By *Alice Ross Colver.* Penn.

Speaking of Books

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DOMINIE'S HOPE. By *Amy McLaren*. Putnams. $2.

SEGELFOSS TOWN. By *Knut Hamsun*. Knopf. $2.50 net.

DEATH IN VENICE. By *Thomas Mann*. Knopf. $2.50 net.

STELLA DEFIANT. By *Clare Sheridan*. Greenberg. $2.

REAMER LOU. By *Louis Forgione*. Dutton. $2.

Juvenile

BILL THE MINDER. Written and Illustrated by W. HEATH ROBINSON. Doran. 1924. $3.

An early and original children's book by an English illustrator who has since become widely known for his fantastical drawings is here, for the first time, introduced to the American public. The adventures of Bill the Minder are illustrated by sixteen color plates and many black and white illustrations and decorative drawings. Bill the Minder, runs the story, won the Minding Tournament held by the Duke. He became the only Minder of the District. He minded most ingeniously all sorts and conditions of infants and larger children. Then, shepherding his flock one day across the downs, he and they fell in with the King of Troy who commenced to tell them a tale. Followed, after the tale, new meetings with The Ancient Mariner, the Duchess of Blowdripping and her two sisters, the Sicilian Charwoman, and so on. Ensued new stories, as the small army marched on to the final fantastic siege of Troy with which the story concludes. We shall reveal nothing further of the tale, save to say that the book is one of the most delightfully original books for children both in text and pictures that we have seen for some time. In it, as might be guessed from his hundreds of fantastic drawings of the last few years, Heath Robinson displays an unusual fantastic imagination, and his color plates are things of beauty as well as of fantasy, comparing favorably in a number of instances with the work of Dulac. It is to be remembered that Heath Robinson has beautifully illustrated Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales and other famous works. The homes into which Bill the Minder comes with his retinue of children and eccentric characters are sure to be enlivened by his exuberant fancy.

THE POINTED PEOPLE. By RACHEL LYMAN FIELD. Yale University Press. 1924. $1.25.

The open windows of the child soul belong to Miss Field. They are set wide to the sun, the wind, green leaves, fairy whispers, and the chuckles of sap and stirring earth. The countryside they view must lie always in the high light of a blue and sunny noon. "The Pointed People" possesses the *élan vitale*, the insouciant gaiety of the young growing mind. With all its clarity, it cannot be said to be conceived entirely in the child spirit, although infantile opinion and humor are perfectly expressed in "Venetian Beads."

My string of blue Venetian beads
On Sundays I may wear,
And it is good to suck each one
All through the long, long prayer.

Miss Field's book has occasionally a listening quality that savors of De la Mare, but her fancies are not the delicate, eerie ones that fly out of the window. Rather they have the robustness of yellow sunlight, the carelessness of the road and the swinging step. No piping twilight clothes them. Her pointed people are not stuff of moonbeams. They are elves that we recognize, concrete elves that wear "little gold buttons on their short green jackets." The author should be congratulated on the contribution to delicious fancy made in this tiny volume. Its honest spontaniety reminds one of a washed, smiling, small face, its mouth wide open to tell you marvellous things.

Miscellaneous

THE MENTAL AGILITY BOOK. By RALPH ALBERTSON. A. & C. Boni. 1925. $2 net.

There should be an injunction taken out against the publishers of this book on two counts, first on the score of the injury wrought to the pride of its readers through the disclosing to them of the alarming gaps in their knowledge, and, second, on the ground of the menace to seemly hours it presents in the allurement of its contents. We had lost all self-respect between the time when we took it up, and the few minutes ago when having heard the midnight chimes ring out, we set it aside under protest. For we had found that we were very uncertain as to the difference between the way a horse, a cow, and a dog arise from the ground, very insecure as to the correct wording of the most oft-quoted sentences, very shaky as to history and geography, and quite shockingly ignorant of the plots of contemporary novels. Moreover, we had discovered that we have no will power, but, having them set before us, must needs go on filling out cross-word puzzles, unscrambling proverbs, capping quotations, unjumbling presidents, and dogs, and vegetables, turning particles of snow into lakes, and taunts into our father's sisters, until the wee sma' hours of the morning. We commend this book to all who are looking for indoor entertainment, but we warn them against it. And now, having issued our warning, in the face of our own better judgment and the waning midnight, we shall return to its pages.

A GARDEN BOOK FOR AUTUMN AND WINTER. By CHARLES DOWNING LAY. Duffield. 1924. $4.

Mr. Lay, well known as a landscape and garden architect, speaks his mind vigorously about the choice of shrubs and flowers. He has little use for imported trees and shrubs, "almost all. . . . nothing but weeds as compared with our native shrubs. I dislike the honeysuckles and will have none of them. I can exist in perfect happiness without the forsythia, and of all the tribe of immigrants from Europe I love only the lilac, which still looks exotic in many scenes." There are, of course, sound reasons for being at least a 90 per cent American in the choice of shrubs and trees. It is a virtue of English plantings that they rely so much on native varieties. Mr. Lay has other interesting opinions no less strongly expressed. He likes a garden but does not pretend to like working in a garden. He knows nothing about bugs and thinks entirely too much effort is wasted fighting them and diseases. As a garden architect he is especially interested in autumn plantings and winter planning, and these subjects form the body of a practical book whose temper and interest may be judged from the quotations given above.

CUGLE'S PRACTICAL NAVIGATION. Dutton. 1924. $6.

Captain Cugle's "Simple Rules and Problems in Navigation"—*Corrected* and Revised by Bradley Jones, was a nautical Best Seller in those great days, following the World War, when Uncle Sam's own Shipping Board set out to complete and launch a thousand ships. The corn belt navigators, called to the work of grabbing up the kingdom of the sea, bought Captain Cugle's first book by the ton.

The estimable Captain has now produced his larger work on "Practical Navigation." It is a work for the practical man who has had sense enough to limit his mathematical studies to addition and subtraction. Like Captain Cuttle, of immortal fame, Captain Cugle has "found and made a note of" many things. It is really an excellent book, as was the first, and comes out with the recent changes in the "Nautical Almanac," allowed for, and explained. For this reason alone it must merit attention. The yachtsman, seeking an easy and reliable guide to navigation, will find the book valuable.

WHAT SHALL WE PLAY? By EDNA GEISTER. Doran. 1924. $2.00.

Here is a book as alive from cover to cover as the games it describes. The covers themselves are out of the ordinary—bright buttercup yellow with a colored paster gayer than the last day of June school let out. This is exactly the spirit for a book of games, and they are good games, too: noisy ones and quiet ones; hot weather, sick-a-bed, and rainy-day ones; games to meet absolutely any emergency which may arise. There should never be another dull children's party with such a store to draw from. But it is to the book itself that one turns again and again, for it is a joy to handle so attractive a volume. The reed pen drawings, both in color and black and white, by Elizabeth MacKinstry must have a word all to themselves. These, according to a publisher's note on the jacket, recall the delightful drawings of Lovat Fraser. But while they have caught the same freedom and gay, quaint humor of his illustrations for "The Book of Pirates," "Nursery Rhymes" and "Peacock Pie," they are also distinctly American in feeling. The square-set houses, elm trees and rail fences

(*Continued on next page*)

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VOL. I. WINSTON CHURCHILL, P. C. "I rest on the written record of my warning." —See page 9 NO. 7

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The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

of our own countrysides are here, and the rollicking children in middies and rompers are as real as those who will be playing some of these very games next Spring in backyards from Maine to Texas.

THE BOOK OF WINTER SPORTS. By W. DUSTIN WHITE. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $2.75.

The hardy and strenuous people who find a healthy pleasure in pursuit of winter sports should welcome this valuably informing volume on all branches of Arctic weather pastimes. Its author, a practical and pioneer devotee of outdoor life, has compressed within his work instructive breadth of knowledge equivalent to an encyclopædia on the subject. His chapters range in content from such semi-urban recreations as skating, hockey, coasting, and tobogganing to descriptive discourses on the preparations and equipment necessary to winter camping and hunting trips into the northern wilds.

Throughout the book there is an enthusiasm for snowy woods and all the charms which they conjure that should prove alluring to any but the hopeless slave of steam heat and furnace. The pages are brightened by many excellent photographs illustrative of scenes and activities discussed in the text.

THE RURAL HOME. University of Chicago Press for American Country Life Association. $2.

FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE IN THE UNITED STATES. By *Victor N. Valgren.* University of Chicago Press. $1.90.

CHATS ON WEDGEWOOD WARE. By *Harry Barnard.* Stokes.

OLD SPODE. By *T. G. Cannon.* Stokes. $5.

STATISTICAL METHODS. By *Frederick Cecil Mills.* Holt. $3.60.

GETTING THE NEWS. By *William S. Maulsby.* Harcourt, Brace.

WHEN LIFE LOSES ITS ZEST. By *Abraham Myerson.* Little, Brown. $1.75 net.

Philosophy

THINGS AND IDEALS. By M. C. OTTO. Holt. 1924.

This work, which bears the sub-title, "Essays in Functional Philosophy," endeavors to suggest a reconciliation between reality and idealism, in the social sense. It is a praiseworthy book, for it displays a certain mental courage and honesty that even an opponent will have to admire. On its philosophical side Mr. Otto's book appears to bear a decided resemblance to certain features of Positivism. There is the same rejection of the claims to finality made by philosophy and the same desire to find a basis for a working system of human values, especially in the department of ethics. It must be confessed, also, that one is left with the same sense of inadequacy. "Dedication to the human venture" as the end and purpose of life is substituted for the sanctions of "conventional religion" and for the materialism of a purely mechanistic philosophy. However, will the critical and skeptical spirit of our age, even though willing to accept the condition of being psychically alone in the universe, rest content with a system so devoid of finality? Thomas à Kempis and Kant, in their different ways, provided an answer to the riddle of existence and each offered a practical method of applying that answer to human life.

Poetry

SONGS OF PROMISE. By ETTA FLORENCE STOCK. Boston: The Four Seas Company. 1924.

This little pamphlet of verse is chiefly banal. The phraseology is distinctly uninspired.

A FAR LAND. By MARTHA OSTENSO. Seltzer. 1924. $1.50.

It is probably as the author of a prize-winning novel—as the publishers seem to imply by the legend on the jacket—that Miss Ostenso will command an audience for her poetry. This is not an adverse criticism of Miss Ostenso as an artist, for the qualities that one finds attractive in her book of verse—a delicate sense of form, an almost pagan feeling for nature, a gift for making pictures and creating atmosphere—are qualities distinctly valuable to the novelist and unfortunately none too common.

As a poet, however, Miss Ostenso suffers from a lack of critical selection which permits her to include such banalities as "Sing no more of Camelot" and "Fay"; from emotional vagueness resulting in occasional incoherence; and from a defect of ear responsible for the harsh staccato of

Warmer than the warm stain
On the thorn where the tall
Stag winced in swift pain

as well as for the queer mixture of lisp and sibilance in

A path like a silver sword was carved by the great fish.

The other more obvious defects of triteness and sentimentality, and the frequent echoes of Walter de la Mare, Elinor Wylie, Adelaide Crapsey, *et al.*, are to be expected in the first book of a very young poet, and are atoned for by such passages as

Across the misty moor there flies
Pale as snow and thin as air,
With a ghost in both his eyes,
A solitary hare.

The poetic vision that somehow redeems the book from insignificance will hardly be enough to make the author a poet but it may help make her a notable novelist.

ROSY THORN POEMS. By ELLEN COIT ELLIOTT. Stanford University Press. 1924. $1.50.

SIGN POSTS POEMS. By FAITH BALDWIN. Small, Maynard. 1924. $2.

Miss Elliott's volume at once announces

If achievement you are seeking,
Sir or Madam, pray you pass;
These are only night-spun cobwebs
Spread on morning grass.

While this is a fair description of her verses, it must be remembered that cobwebs, especially when hung with rainbow bubbles of dew, may sparkle in silver patterns of delight. Beyond the naiveté of youth Miss Elliott occasionally breaks through a formal pattern to a pleasing irregularity, as in "Venus of the World," "Quince Blossoms," or when

Crimson pomegranates burst glistening seeds,
Straw-yellow apples sleeked their silken sides,
Plums dragged oval with sweetness,
Grapes globed tense with wine.

This reveals a tendency towards overdecoration that is too characteristic of Faith Baldwin—"Spring shall come very gorgeously this year"—whose "Sign Posts" to fairyland are fingers worn crooked with pointing. The deft combination of many old elements (as Shakespeare tells) may oft adorn the world with one thing new: "White Magic" is a beautiful evocation of the progress of springtime; yet when "magic" is summoned by the titles of six poems, one is not surprised that it often fails to come. It is this desperate striving for wonder that lays on color as on the palette rather than on the canvas. The little drama of Sappho, save for this element, is subtle, with the characters, even in its brevity, well limned and well-spoken—though not suggesting the depth that the author may find in Mallarmé's "Herodiade," which shows the beginning, as this poem the end, of a questioning, seeking life.

SOMETIME. By *May Riley Smith.* Dutton. 60 cents.

THE BOND OF POETRY. Selected by *J. J. Stable.* Oxford. 85 cents.

A BOOK OF THE YEAR. Poetry Society of Texas.

FOLK-SONGS OF THE SOUTH. Edited by *John Harrington Cox.* Harvard University Press.

Science

THE MOON—ELEMENT; An Introduction to the Wonders of Selenium. By E. E. FOURNIER D'ALBE. Appleton. 1924.

Selenium is a rather rare element, discovered about a hundred years ago, which can now be obtained in a sufficient quantity as a by-product in refining copper. It has the remarkable property of becoming a conductor of electricity when light falls upon it. As astonishingly small changes in electrical conductivity can be detected, selenium furnishes by far the most delicate means of detecting and measuring light. To quote the author: "If anyone were to strike a match on the moon, we could discover the fact on earth by means of selenium."

After an introduction on electricity and light, this book gives a popular account of the uses of selenium which depend on its electrical behavior toward light. A somewhat undue proportion of the book—about a quarter—is devoted to an instrument invented by the author called an optophone, which enables the blind to read a printed page by an ingenious use of selenium. This

(*Continued on page 534*)

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION FOR WEEK-END READING

THE CONSTANT NYMPH. By MARGARET KENNEDY. (Doubleday, Page.)

JOHN KEATS. By AMY LOWELL. (Houghton Mifflin.)

A YEAR OF PROPHESYING. By H. G. WELLS. (Macmillan.)

K. B. W., Columbus, O., asks for books on map-making or maps (not atlases) for a collector deeply interested in this subject.

MAPS, their History, Characteristics, and Uses," by Sir Herbert George Fordham (Cambridge University Press) is a delightful little book. "Terrestrial and Celestial Globes," by E. L. Stevenson, in two volumes, was published for the Hispanic Society by the Yale University Press in 1921. The Hispanic Society have several other works by Stevenson, such as "Portolan Charts" (1911, paper) "Genoese World Map, 1457 (1912, paper) and the life and work of "Willem Janzoon Blaeu: 1571-1638," with a fac-simile of the unique copy of the large world-map of 1605 belonging to the Society.

Modern cartography is treated in "Maps and Survey," by A. R. Hinks (Cambridge University Press). The Harrison Collection of early maps recently presented to the American Geographical Society, West 156th Street, N. Y., is described in their pamphlet "Early Topographical Maps" and another of their publications that anyone with this kind of a hobby would love is "Legendary Islands of the Atlantic," by William H. Babcock. The *Review* of this society often has articles on mapping.

E. G. O., Englewood, N. J., is to spend several months in Brittany.

THE latest book about it is a small one, "A Little Book of Brittany" by Robert Medill (McBride), packed with alluring information about the historical background, age-old ceremonies, colorful customs and costumes—an explanation of some of the reasons why Americans long to go there. "A Vagabond Voyage Through Brittany," by Mrs. Lewis Chase (Lippincott), and "The Spell of Brittany," by Ange Mosher (Duffield), are comparatively recent, but the translations of Anatole Le Braz's Breton books, "The Land of Pardons" and "The Night of Fires," that were made into English, seem to be out of print. His "Contes Bretons" is in a school edition with notes, for the French student (Holt). Anne Douglas Sedgwick's "A Childhood in Brittany Eighty Years Ago" (Houghton Mifflin) was taken from many conversations with an old French friend; it is a singularly successful evocation of past happiness. As for "Mont St. Michel and Chartres," by Henry Adams (Houghton Mifflin), this massive, beautifully illustrated volume is both a classic and a luxury for the traveller, and one of the most difficult books to stop reading that I know.

P. M. W., Lakeland, Fla., says that Mark Twain said that all humor was based on nine original jokes and everything since has been only variations of the nine, but where he said it or if nine was the number he is not sure. Will someone tell him?

H. A. B., a valued client of the Guide who runs the Fred Harvey newsstand at Gallup, New Mexico, is looking for a book that introduces and interprets the works of Shakespeare, with synopses of the plays. If I can put him on the track of the right one he promises to put even greater enthusiasm into spreading the influence of the Saturday Review, *already strong in this section.*

PAUL KAUFMAN'S "Outline Guide to Shakespeare," published this fall by the Century Co., ought to hold him for us, for it meets all the requirements set forth in his letter, providing the beginner with the necessary historical background, biographical details, vocabulary, and outline of grammar, and with an index of songs and reading lists for further study. I should have advised it also in the reply about Shakespeare's London recently printed, for it contains the first map of London to show the three localities where we know he lived, and the first map of England to show the places where the scenes of the historical plays are laid.

L. J. R., Bellows Falls, Vt., asks for plays that could be given in a church vestry.

"RELIGIOUS DRAMA: 1924" (Century) is a collection of ten plays with books of reference useful to amateur producers; they were selected by a committee of the Federated Council of the Churches of Christ. They are in verse and prose and include some for holy-days. "Dramatized Bible Stories," by Mary M. Russell (Doran), is for production by young people from twelve to sixteen; a companion volume is her "Dramatized Missionary Stories" (Doran), and in her "How to Produce Plays and Pageants," a useful handbook for church, missionary or Sunday-school use, there are several such entertainments. Another collection, "Bible Plays," by Rita Benton, is published by the Abingdon Press, and the Woman's Press, the publication department of the Y. M. C. A., has a Council on Pageantry and the Drama, 600 Lexington Avenue, N. Y., that will answer questions on selection and production; they publish a number of short plays for holidays, religious festivals, girls' clubs and the like. "The Old Peabody Pew," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, may be, and often has been given in the body of country churches, but I do not know of any more plays on the order of this pretty romance, the story of whose writing and production is told in the author's autobiography, "My Garden of Memory" (Houghton Mifflin). "The Dramatization of Bible Stories," by Elizabeth Miller (University of Chicago Press), is another useful book for such a collection.

J. E. K., Havre de Grace, Md., asks about a Greek grammar and first reader that could be used without a teacher and about a dictionary of early English words.

"THE Elements of Greek," by F. K. Ball (Macmillan), is generally accepted by teachers as a delightful book to use; it aims to simplify the subject for teacher and pupil alike and prepares for the reading of easy Greek, of which there are selections in the book. "The First Year of Greek," by J. T. Allen (Macmillan), is said to be a pretty stiff course, but Professor George De Pue Hadzits, editor in charge of the "Our Debt to Greece and Rome" series (Marshall Jones), says that he has heard

(*Continued on next page*)

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Sc. D., F. R. S.

Reader in Ethnology in the University of Cambridge.

Students of geography and history as well as the general reader will find in this book a most copious account, minus meaningless detail, of the races and peoples of mankind.

The work is divided into four parts: The first deals mainly with some of the physical characters employed in racial discrimination and classification. A grouping is next given of various stocks according to these characters, together with their distribution. This is followed by an attempt to indicate a probable racial history of the various areas. Finally in the General Summary the author deals briefly with the problem of heredity and the effects of environments on the formation of races, and also gives a sketch of what he assumes to have been the main lines of the progressive evolution and the early migrations of *Homo sapiens.* Illustrated $2.25

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Points of View

Approach to Poetry

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Mr. Graves's article "Vehicles of Poetic Thought" is the most stimulating piece of poetic criticism that I have read in years. It opens up avenues of approach to the nature of poetry whose existence has barely been guessed at. Among other things it reveals me to myself as pronounced a "motile," "audile" and Shelleyite as Mr. Graves is a "tactile," "olefactile" (or whatever the word is) and Keatsite. For purposes of comparison with his reactions may I be allowed to give a brief account of mine? Their sole interest, I fully realize, lies not in the fact that I have them, but in the fact that someone has them.

On examining the scraps of descriptive poetry that live verbally in my memory, I find that practically all of them are rich in the suggestion of motion and sound, and not one in the suggestion of smell, taste, or touch. This applies to those passages whose effect is mainly visual. For example, the following from Shelley's "Triumph of Life."

Like the young moon
When on the sunlit limits of the night
Her white shell trembles amid crimson air

is almost commonplace except for the one word *trembles*. That gives life and freshness and thrill to the image that a hundred equally well imagined pictures of the moon have failed to awaken. I well remember that after first reading the passage the one thing I retained was that verb. Another example:

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove.

Changes! To make a drab and ordinary word like that flash out of its line, in speed and color, is, to me, the great achievement of poetry. Tennyson set the stage prettily enough with "spring" and "iris" and "burnished dove," but how lifeless and uninteresting it all is until that heaven-sent verb breathes motion into it! I can see the neck sleekly rippling green and purple as the creature cocks its softly silly eye at this and that; I can watch the colors replace and repeat each other and never think of the warmth of the spring sunshine, the softness of the bird's feathers, or the smell of anything.

To me and others of my mental cast poetry must necessarily be largely a matter of verbs. To Mr. Graves and his ilk it is more apt to be a matter of nouns and adjectives. In the stanza from Keats in which he finds so much to admire, there are just three verbs: *was, are* and *blushed*. A quiet and, to me, uninviting little aggregation, whose weakness is not compensated for by the strength of the adjectives that swarm about, though even for me the stanza has great charm, of a placid and ornamental kind. I know that it is poetry, and enjoy it, but the final effect is something like having one's mouth so full of good food that one cannot chew. The "tiger-moth's deep-masked wings," on which Mr. Graves lingers so lovingly, leaves me absolutely cold. The consonantal sequence *sktw* is so harsh, and meaninglessly harsh, that it strikes from my mind all connotations that damask might have, and I relapse with content into the next stanza which starts off with a verb a line.

It seems odd to me that when Mr. Graves quotes so enthusiastically from "The Eve of St. Agnes," he does not include the line that has already appeared to me incomparably the finest in it, a truly magnificent line, one that can stand comparison with Shakespeare at his happiest. I refer of course to

The silver snarling trumpets 'gan to chide.

Here is a verb—and *what* a verb!—and a verbal epithet, but no motion. This brings in what is, to me, the next most important element in poetical imagery, sound. This is a good example, because it hardly gains any of its effect, as do many sound-passages, from the ancillary music of the words themselves. It is unlikely that Mr. Graves's Welsh quarrymen would pick out this line to weep over for its sheer beauty of sound. There is very little to say about the effect on me, except that it is profoundly moving and vital; nothing could possibly be so trumpet-like as the *silver snarling* and the *chide*. Here Keats has done that supreme thing, translated life into verse with such force that the verse no longer reminds one of life, but life reminds one of the verse. Often on hearing a trumpet I return to that line to find there, rather than in the sound of the instrument itself, the soul and essence of trumpetry. There are other great trumpet lines in English verse; Tennyson's

Far off a solitary trumpet blew,

as majestic in its simplicity as Racine himself, and strangely though obscurely moving; and Robinson's picture of the human race

And ever led resourcelessly along
To brainless carnage by drunk trumpeters.

Here onomatopeia comes in, but notice how. The words are deliberately chosen for their cacophany. The two short *u* sounds, their effect prolonged by following liquids, and the sequence *nktr* combine, with the meaning of the words themselves, to produce an effect of brutal stupidity that is positively maddening.

Take a line that is purely visual, and of a kind that Mr. Graves or I or any reader can hardly fail to enjoy; take Shakespeare's description of dawn

Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy.

To me that is full of light and color, but hardly less full of motion and sound. I can see the yellow disc of the sun climb momentously over a black hill with a slowness and irresistibleness that has a magic quality; I can see the gray waters become gold till they fairly leap up at me; I can see riffles on their surface that show where a current crawls or a day-breeze wanders. I can hear the trees whisper in the dawn and the birds already in full song, though there is nothing said about them; and then I realize that Mr. Graves will all this time be smelling the wet earth or longing to plunge into the golden waters to see what all that color feels like.

It would be interesting to know how Mr. Graves would react to this passage, and even more interesting to know how the generality of readers would, and in what proportion they would differ. It would be still more interesting to know whether those who are mainly sensitive to motion are, like me, also sensitive to sound, or if they may also respond strongly to touch and smell. I am with Mr. Graves in thinking it of great importance to investigate poetic psychology, and I wish the *Saturday Review* would conduct an experiment with the coöperation of its readers, by some such methods as asking which of a pair of passages they prefer, or inquiring what secondary impressions they receive from a purely visual image. The thing could be done, and the results would be valuable.

WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS.

What Price Comment?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

May I not deplore the ingratitude displayed toward me by the friends and admirers of Mr. W. E. Woodward? Their identification of me with all obscurantism and reaction I readily admit. I am the man who made Socrates drink the hemlock, burned John Hus, forced Galileo to recant, and failed to recognize the transcendent merit of "The Waste Land." None the less, the Woodward fans owe me some gratitude not only for writing a review of "Lottery," which I thought was favorable, but for giving them an opportunity to get their own indubitably favorable reviews printed in your correspondence column.

ELMER DAVIS.

Romance

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

Sir:

I occasionally send a clipping of some article which I think will be of interest to a daughter who has been in London for some years now. Possibly her offer and comments may be of interest to you. She writes:

"I read Christopher Morley's 'Map of London.' If he seems so irretrievably intrigued by 'Bessborough Gardens,' I think it would be splendid of me to send him a snap of that block of tenement houses, and tell him that is where my maid lives, and if he can get romance out of it, I'll congratulate him. One always can about things that aren't next door like the post-office or hardware store. And Lupus street, the shopping mart of the poor, a dingy, dirty, ugly street a stone's throw away. I wish he had picked out some street I could get a thrill out of. It seems such a waste of his optimism and good spirits. Believe me a man living there would have to write and write fast to keep the wolf from the door."

J. L. H.

[*Bessborough Gardens was where Joseph Conrad began writing "Almayer's Folly."* —EDITORIAL NOTE.]

The Reader's Guide

(*Continued form preceding page*)

teachers say over and over again that no other book produces the same results. It is intended for students beginning their Greek in college, and all other pedagogical devices are subordinated to the end of developing reading-power. Its selections are not from the "Anabasis," but largely from Xenophon's "Memorabilia"; it aims as a whole to reveal the nature of the Hellenic mind. "Homeric Greek," a handsome book by Clyde Pharr (Heath), is a novel introduction to the subject, teaching the Homeric dialect rather than that of the later Attic. This book has enthusiastic admirers who believe that it has the right method of approach. I have always wondered why this was not feasible, from the time when my own enthusiasm for the language, surviving even through many parasangs, doubled at the first line of the Iliad. At Cornell last Spring this book was used by a large class of beginners in preference to any other beginners' book.

Dutton has just brought out a new edition, the seventh, of James O. Halliwell's "Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words," a standard authority for more than seventy-five years and highly valuable to all students of early English literature. This is a one-volume edition of almost a thousand pages, with more than 50,000 words and phrases now obsolete and dating from the fourteenth century, also a glossary of provincialisms including archaic words. The "Cambridge" and "Globe" editions of Chaucer have glossaries, as have most editions of Chaucer, event the school texts.

C. E. F., West Monroe, La., asks where to get prints of famous paintings, for a grammar school, and where to find the stories of them.

A GOOD way to approach this subject would be to get the book first, say "First Steps in the Enjoyment of Pictures," by Maude Oliver (Holt), or Estelle Hurll's "How to Show Pictures to Children" (Houghton Mifflin), and select the pictures from it. An excellent picture guide for teachers or for family use is Lorinda M. Bryant's "Children's Book of Celebrated Pictures" (Century), which has 50 full-page reproductions of famous pictures such as generally appeal to children, with the opposite page for the "story." There are companion volumes for celebrated sculpture and celebrated buildings. For inexpensive reproductions for framing, the prints of Perry Pictures, Malden, Mass., the Prang Co., Boston, and Rudolf Lesch and the Brown-Robertson Co., of this city, and the fine color prints issued by the Medici Society of America, Boston, Mass., give a wide range of choice. "Picture Worlds," by Richard Clarke (Little, Brown) is a story book made by expanding pictures in a Mother Goose book, and meant for little children interested in these illustrations.

CARL VAN VECHTEN, author of "The Music of Spain"—by the way, though this is out of print in America, the recent inquirer on this subject can readily get the English edition with preface and notes by Pedro G. Morales, published by Kegan Paul, London—says that other inquirers might be referred to the fourth volume of the Encylopédie de la Musique," issued by the Paris Conservatoire (Librairie Delagrave, 1920) which is devoted to Spain and Portugal. In this extremely large volume (513 pages printed in double columns over a foot high) Rafael Mitjana writes of religious music, Raoul Laparra, composer of "La Habanera," of popular music, and Henri Collet of the musical renaissance in Spain.

V. F. M., Boston, Mass., is to write a paper on the literary work of the younger generation, and is at a loss whom to include in this category.

LOUIS BROMFIELD, I'd say, author of "The Green Bay Tree" (Stokes), a novel that still keeps selling as if it were not its author's first offering in this line. Though it is an open secret that his first novel published owes something of the mellow maturity of its style to its four little elder brothers never allowed to breathe; novels completed to the last word and then set aside by their creator as not yet up to grade. Thomas Boyd, for his "Through the Wheat" and "The Dark Cloud" (Scribner); I expect some unusual novels to come from one who can write the latter of these. Laurence Stallings, not only for his part in the play "What Price Glory?" but for the admirable story of a young veteran's post war readjustments, "Plumes" (Harcourt, Brace). And certainly Sidney Howard, who has rung the bell twice in one season, with the surprising brilliancy of the play "They Knew What They Wanted" and with what seems to me by far the best collection of short stories by a single American author to appear in a good while, "Three Flights Up" (Scribner). Study-clubs interested in the short story should by all means bear these in mind.

IF clients of this department have quotations in prose or poetry that would help a reader in Connecticut making a study of "the kiss in literature," I will forward them to him. If this includes music, I nominate Wotan's kiss that ends "Walkuere," "Il Bacio," and the second act of "Tristan und Isolde."

The New Books

Science

(*Continued from page 532*)

part is tiresome in places. The rest of the book is interesting.

The reviewer is not convinced that the kind of description sometimes adopted in the book—a type which would probably be called "popular"—is the best for the purpose. Take, for instance, the following sentence which describes what happens when light is shut off from selenium: "So the wandering electron promptly 'goes home' and the electric field is deprived of one more slave to do its bidding." Such a statement would never appear in a real scientific article. One might write: "Selenium then becomes a non-conductor" or "Selenium then becomes a much poorer conductor due to recombination of the electrons." We suppose the shorter statement is less interesting but it has the enormous advantage of clearness and brevity.

BIRD ISLANDS OF PERU. By *Robert Cushman Murphy*. Putnam. $5.

HELMHOLTZ'S TREATISE ON PHYSIOLOGICAL OPTICS. Edited by *James P. C. Southall*. Vol. II. Optical Society of America.

THE DOGMA OF EVOLUTION. By *Louis T. More*. Princeton University Press.

Travel

ATHOS AND ITS MONASTERIES. By F. W. HASLUCK. Dutton. 1924. $5.00.

This book may be of interest to those who delve into the details of church lore, but for the casual reader it can be of small value. A recondite subject is sometimes illuminated and made to appeal more or less popularly by an eloquent style. But this book is written in dull and heavy-footed prose, and with an alarming absence of beauty. In discussing the dietary of the monks on Athos, the author says, "Wines are of course included in the commons, as is also generally a small allowance of spirits." That seems to be the only bright spot in 195 pages.

THE EASTERN ROAD. By L. H. DUDLEY-BUXTON. Dutton. 1924.

The Albert Kahn Travelling fellowship was founded for the purpose of providing young men and women of promise with the means for extended periods of foreign travel. The founder hopes that, by this means, their minds may be so broadened and attuned to the essential principles and potentialities of civilization in its widest sense, that when they return they may exercise some influence on the political thought of their own countries, and eventually on international opinion.

Mr. Dudley-Buxton was chosen by the trustees of the English Foundation as Travelling Fellow, and this volume embodies his experiences and observations during his travels in Japan, Korea, China, and Mongolia. From the outset it is apparent that the author has been trained as an ethnologist, and views the world through the conformation of lenses peculiar to such training. His paragraphs dealing with the physical characteristics of the racial types under observation and their probable origin are of considerable interest. His descriptions of scenery are rather tedious and have been much better done by earlier travellers. The conclusions reached on economic and political questions, though sound, are quite obvious, and are opinions accepted generally by the intelligent reading public.

UNKNOWN TRIBES UNCHARTED SEAS. By *Lady Richmond Brown*, Appleton.

THE CHURCHES OF ROME. By *Roger Thynne*. Dutton. $5.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

SALE OF AMERICANA.

AMERICANA, printed and in manuscript including autograph letters from the collection of Walter Dormitzer, and books from the library of K. D. Ellsworth, with additions, were sold at the American Art Galleries, January 30, 268 lots bringing $24,409. The star lot brought $3,300 which was paid for the only known perfect copy of Charles Chauncey's sermon, "God's Mercy," printed in Cambridge in 1655. A first edition of William Wood's "New England's Prospect," small 4to, London, 1634, giving the first detailed account of Massachusetts with a brilliant impression of the original map, brought $1,700. A few of the many important items and the prices realized were the following: Collection of 632 A. L. S. and A. D. S. by members of the Continental Congress, 1774-1788, $620; "Report on the Territory of Oregon, by a Committee, appointed at a Meeting of the Citizens of Columbus" 8vo, morocco, Columbus, O., 1843, apparently an unrecorded item, $560; Zebulon M. Pike's "Account of a Voyage Up the Mississippi River," etc., 8vo, morocco, Washington, 1807, only one other copy offered at public sale, $325; collection of the autographs of the presidents from Washington to Wilson, and their cabinet officers, $620; and Edward Williams's "Virgo Triumphans; or, Virginia, Richly and Truly Valued," small 4to, calf, London, 1650, a rare uncut copy, $525.

AT THE ANDERSON GALLERIES.

SELECTIONS from the Library of Harry Bishop of Louisville, Ky., miniature books from the collection of Wilbur Macey Stone of this city, with additions, were sold at the Anderson Galleries January 26 and 27, 540 lots fetching $6,136.85. A few of the more important items and the prices realized were the following: Chaucer's "Works," folio, russia, London, 1561, fourth collected edition, $75; Mark Twain's "Writings," 35 vols., 8vo, boards, New York, 1922-23, the new definitive edition, $115; William Combe's "Life of Napoleon," 8vo, calf, London, 1815, first edition, $100; Combe's "English Dance of Death," 2 vols., 1815-16; "The Dance of Life," 1817, with colored plates by Rowlandson, 3 vols., London, 1815-17, $150; Spark's "Life of Franklin," 1 vol. extended to 2, 8vo, morocco, Boston, 1844, $145; The Nuremberg Chronicle, folio, original oak boards covered in the original pigskin, Nuremberg, 1493, original edition, $170; and nearly a complete set of the Tudor Translations, 24 vols., 8vo, London, 1892-1905, $180.

MELVILLE'S "MOBY DICK."

"AN Introduction to Herman Melville's 'Moby Dick; or the Whale'" (1851) by Dr. Rosenbach, an octavo, bound in brown boards, limited to 250 copies, and beautifully printed by John Henry Nash of San Francisco, was sent out by Mitchell Kennerley on Christmas. Mr. Kennerley has given a beautiful setting to Dr. Rosenbach's delightful essay. Dr. Rosenbach says that Melville "has written an epic of the sea, a Beowulf of our own times, he has enriched the world with the one story dedicated forever to those that ply the deep. . . . The style of 'Moby Dick,' at once familiar, is exceedingly rich, almost unctious, mediævally copious, and prophetic. It rolls on, page after page, with the gentle, noble motion of a great sea, never-ending, never-stopping, but always changing. . . . Melville has made the deep give up its dead; he has disclosed to us its hidden mysteries. But he did more. He has revealed, like Shakespeare, the secrets of the soul. Melville cannot be compared with other writers of the sea, for he has reached heights undreamed of by them."

MEMORABILIA OF THE PRESIDENTS

MEMORABILIA of the presidents, consisting mainly of books once owned by the presidents, autograph letters, documents and manuscripts, the collection of Henry Goldsmith of this city, was sold at the American Art Galleries January 29. The collection was not a large one, comprising only 240 lots, but it realized $19,912. Of course there has been a lively demand for everything of associational interest concerning Washington and Lincoln, but there are many indications of a tendency to include all of the presidents as a group, and for this reason this sale and its catalogue have a special interest.

A few of the more important lots and the prices which they brought were the following:

Washington. "A New and Complete Dictionary of Arts and Sciences," illustrated, 4 vols., 8vo, original calf, London, 1763. Washington's signature on each title page and his bookplate in each volume. $2,600.

Washington. L. S. 2pp. 4to, Mount Vernon, April 3, 1788, pertaining to the adoption of the proposed constitution of the United States. $325.

Adams. L. S. 3 pp. 4to, Quincy, August 29th, 1798, states that if it were possible he would resign the presidency in favor of Washington. $325.

Jefferson. A. L. S. 1p. 4to, Monticello, March 25, 1826, written a few months before his death. $160.

Madison. A. L. S. 1p. 4to, Montpelier, April 10, 1817, a personal letter to Jefferson. $40.

Monroe. A. L. S. 9pp. 4to, Oak Hill, March 15, 1826, defending his course while minister to France. $170.

Adams (John Quincy). A. L. S. 2pp. 4to, Boston, September 15, 1827, discussing government finances. $30.

Jackson. A. L. S. 2pp. 4to, Washington, March 16, 1829, written a few days before his inauguration. $160.

Van Buren. A. L. S. 2pp. 4to, Washington, January 7th, 1839, a personal letter. $22.50.

Harrison. A. L. S. 2pp. 4to, Cincinnati, May 24, 1813, of Northwest Territory interest. $70.

Tyler. L. S. 2pp. 4to, Washington, December 2, 1842, regarding the issuance of a Thanksgiving Proclamation. $25.

Polk. A. L. S. 1p. 4to, Washington, December 5, 1845, asking for information as called for in a resolution of the Senate. $40.

Taylor. A. L. S. 1p. 4to, Baton Rouge, October 22, 1848, referring to his election to the presidency. $220.

Fillmore. A. L. S. 2pp. 8vo, Buffalo, February 25, 1862, referring to his occupancy of the presidential chair. $20.

Pierce. A. L. S. 1p. 8vo, March 7, to his postmaster general on mail matters. $10.

Buchanan. A. L. S. 1p. 16mo, April 9, 1858, a personal letter. $17.50.

Lincoln. A. L. S. 1p. 8vo, Springfield, May 1, 1860, written two weeks before his first nomination. $2,100, one of the highest prices given in recent years for a Lincoln letter.

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LONDON'S Literary Tidbit

THE CONSTANT NYMPH

by

Margaret Kennedy

IF America is as perspicacious as England—and who are we, to question it?—the next few weeks will find the title of this book on the wagging tongues of the book-reading outposts, and the next few months will find it the subject of that country-wide significant question, *"Have* you yet read — — — —?"

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TERESA, the constant nymph, was a child of the brilliant Albert Sanger. When her father died, her cousin, Florence married Lewis Dodd, a disciple of Sanger and as little responsive to social custom as his master. His wife tries vainly to establish him in musical London but he loathes her smug, respectable friends and daily they drift apart—a rift which is not healed when Teresa comes to live with them. It is a remarkable and brilliant piece of work, one that is sure to be of sensational importance.

At bookstores, $2. *Doubleday, Page & Co.*

The Phoenix Nest

Dull Mornings Have Been in New York

GRAY is the window pane, though only with dust,
But the sky outside is serene,
And O, there is an aeroplane, on high in the sky,
Banking and spiralling.
Here once the Gas House Gang exulted in battle
Beaning their enemies,
Here were cuss-words, the moon, and these men,
And the men making snoots at the moon. It was
Not so long ago. And monkeys were up in the Bronx,
Monkeys in cool black cages, monkeys not studying Virgil;
Monkeys were in Europe—some,—Europe is a land bounded on the south by the Mediterranean, on the North by the Skager Rack and the Cattegat, if you don't count Norway and Sweden, and on the East, if you don't count Russia, is Russia,—and on the West is the Atlantic Ocean
As for New York, if you care to go into that, New York possesses, of course, the Bronx, and Brooklyn and Queens, and Long Island and Westchester, and the Staten Island Ferry; and I suppose you could say it possessed the Middle West also, because of its critics
With whispers sad and prophetic.
And monkeys were in Africa (I guess) and in South America.
But the Gas House gang were trying pleasurably to live.
And once this building was a brewery.
That aeroplane under the sun, ah God how graceful it dips!
Could I ever do that? What? No, I never learned enough
Of passive drift and parasite drift and head resistance.
My head doesn't resist very well;
But machines that fly, we know, are clumsy and ugly;
Birds zoom better than planes, bob higher than busses.
My body pains me, all men's bodies pain them,
Planing or paining they go;
They are pained because they eat and pained if they don't;
They are pained in Iowa, which is in North America;
They are pained in Brazil;
For that matter they are pained in Tuscaloosa and Lhassa;
You can't get away from it they are pained.
O what can poetry do! What can it do!
I said that before.
O what can it doodle-do, I ask again!
Don't expect an answer.
The brain of man is like porridge.
Dull mornings have been in New York
And will be again. Behold that sun!
I say, look at that sun! Day follows night.
Night follows day.
There was a Gas House Gang in the Middle Ages; when
The Renaissance was, the Medici, Borgia and Sforza
Had Gas House Gangs. Thucydides wrote
In Greece, in Greece,—wait till I look up a map—
Never mind, Thucydides wrote. Look him up in Britannica.
And the Gas Housers gatted each other
With the moon over them.
O, the cry of the Gang in battle, under the sun, over the moon,
Once under this window! I'm glad not now.
There was love in this district;
There is, for that matter, a whole lot of love in Paris;
O give me a ticket to Paris!
Men have been in war.
Men have written books about war and love, love and war;
I've read some of them.
O, the gold through the gray!
O, the gray through the gold!
And time goes on, and Walt Whitman goes on, and free verse goes on
And I go on, go on, and the world is moving.
Am I being moving?
It is now a dull, quiet morning in New York,
New York City in New York State;
And there are other states,—
As, take for an instance, Pennsylvania.
Pennsylvania was settled by William Penn.
People still live in Philadelphia.
There were moans and cries and shots there once—
There are now, for that matter;
And elsewhere.
On September 15 Nelson sailed from Spithead in the *Victory*, and, skipping Byron and the Lake School, Tennyson and Browning, I may mention that Henry Hallam wrote a mature and reflective "Constitutional History of England," which was published in 1827. And then there was the "History of Greece," by George Grote. (O Life of Man, O, Earth, Earth, again and again!)
And there have been dull mornings, all through time, when Hallam and Grote and countless others must have been just as bored as I am;
Dull mornings when even Macaulay and Gibbon sat brainless;
Noons when Sam Johnson's luncheon disagreed with him;
O, the love of bodies, O, the pains of bodies in indigestion!
Maybe Samuel Richardson's "Pamela" was written on a dull morning!
Maybe it wasn't.
But I do feel so strongly that the world is waiting to be known;
And I have hardly been introduced.
The past is in it. You know that? The past is in the world, and the present, and, if you will allow me, the future;
Dull mornings weigh the whole world!
The world of girls' beautiful cosmetics, rolled stockings and boyish bobs, dull mornings, *shimmering* airplanes, bleared bare panes, dictionaries full of words, *Nation* poetry prizes, harmonicas and saxophones, mind-joying, crossword puzzles, beautiful livings, beautiful lovings, love nests in the newspapers, a to-have-been-sometimes-giving-and-sometimes-taking; a to-have-been-using and pleasure-to-have-been-deriving and a to-possibly-be-in-the-future-preterite sometimes but not often exhilarating World!

W. R. B.

A letter to the publishers, from

MISS DOROTHEA LAWRENCE MANN, of the *Boston Transcript,*

reads, in part, as follows:

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